

The Scandals of the Seventies *by Arthur Warner*

# The Nation

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Wednesday, Apr. 16, 1924

In Two Sections

Section 1

## Spring Book Number

*Articles, Poems, and Reviews by*

Bertrand Russell

Floyd Dell

Llewelyn Powys

Ludwig Lewisohn

Stephen Vincent Benét

Llewellyn Jones

W. E. Woodward

Harry Hansen

Norman Thomas

Thomas Reed Powell

*and Others*

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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The Government is being overthrown not by Bolsheviks but by crooked politicians and trusted officials who know what is going on and have not the courage to fight or expose the conditions. So far as the Department of Justice is concerned, it no longer functions except in the capacity of first aid to crooks.

THESE words, written two years ago in a report to Attorney General Daugherty by S. L. Scaife, then a special agent in the Bureau of Investigation, are an accurate and not too alarming description of the situation in Washington. And yet we find a supposedly reputable business man, head of a company whose directors would probably dislike the imputation that it was corrupt, writing to Frank A. Vanderlip to request his resignation from the directorate. The president of the Freeport Texas Company and other of its directors are "not in sympathy" with Mr. Vanderlip's "attitude in public matters." In sending his resignation, as requested, Mr. Vanderlip cuts right through the contemptible cowardice of these men who are "not in sympathy" with efforts to restore reasonable decency and

honesty to our federal Government. Mr. Vanderlip says:

If you were to look at the situation not from the plane of good citizenship but merely from the lower plane of what is good for business, you would still be mistaken in deploring my activities. . . . If there is not full exposure of the corruption that has honeycombed some of the departments and several of the bureaus of the federal Government, business, at the mercy of corrupt courts, corrupt prosecuting attorneys, and law-breaking officials, will ultimately suffer far more than it can through the exposure of these things.

When business men and the business-owned press attempt to belittle and hamper the investigations going on in Washington they are simply confessing that they want a government which, like the Department of Justice, is nothing but a "first aid to crooks."

SENATOR BORAH is not among those who believe that the searchlight in Washington should be switched off, nor does he accuse the Democrats of undue partisanship in exposing corruption even though a Republican administration is involved. Mr. Borah looks for a continuation of existing evils so long as parties are supported as at present:

These stupendous sums contributed to a political party do not simply measure the individual's patriotic interest in his party. Such large sums are asked for or given because of a desire to go beyond the ordinary interests of the individual in his party. You can buy influence with a political party quite as effectively as you can an individual. In the latter instance it is still denounced, in the former instance it has become an accepted practice. . . . Both parties accept the system and pursue the practice. So long as they do this, these specific instances of exposure may help to put one party in and the other party out, but the cause of clean government, of disinterested and wise legislation and uncontrolled administration will not be greatly served.

Senator Borah is right in his analysis of the source of corruption in the two old parties, but he fails to add that both Republican and Democratic organizations would die of anemia if they lost the support of favored special interests and would be murdered on a lonely road if they failed to deliver the swag as ordered. The remedy is through a new party or parties, based on the broad interests of productive labor in the cities and on the farms, instead of on the greatest good for the smallest number of the privileged.

HIS VICTORY in the Wisconsin Democratic primary is widely heralded by Governor Smith's friends as giving him fresh hope. It is a vain one. A Catholic can hardly be nominated for the Presidency in this year of Ku Klux Klan grace. Were this not the case Senator Walsh of Montana would surely be an even more formidable candidate. The Smith vote in Wisconsin, however, is undoubtedly a damper to the reviving McAdoo candidacy. On the other side of the fence the President's supporters are discouraged by his showing in Wisconsin, where he won less than half as many votes as Senator La Follette. This, following his defeat by Hiram Johnson in South Dakota, must be cold comfort. La Follette's easy victory in Wisconsin illustrates anew his hold on the Republican situation. If



his health is spared, Mr. La Follette may be able to save his countrymen from the misfortune of Calvin Coolidge. Meanwhile, the fright of the Republicans is amusingly illustrated by Senator Pepper's keynote speech, in which he shrieks that in exposing Republican rottenness the Democrats have "hit America" and have brought forward the possibility of an "irresponsible and highly dangerous third party"! If America is hit when corruption is exposed it certainly needs a third party.

**O**PEN COVENANTS OPENLY ARRIVED AT—this is hereafter to be not a mere phrase in England but a reality. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, on behalf of the MacDonald Ministry, has announced that the present Government will hereafter submit to the House of Commons all agreements, commitments, and understandings which might bind the nation to any specific action. Every treaty with a foreign nation contemplated by the Government will lie on the table before Parliament, accessible to members, for a period of twenty-one days, at the end of which time the document may be ratified and published. In the case of important treaties, the Government pledges that it will bring them up for formal discussion in the House of Commons within the twenty-one-day period. This is one of the most significant reforms ever undertaken. In England it is nothing less than revolutionary. Had such a policy been in vogue in the years before the World War, the British public would not have been deceived and tricked into that war by the false statements made by Sir Edward Grey and his co-conspirators within the Cabinet, to the effect that there were no binding agreements as to Belgium, when there were such. This is one of the substantial triumphs of the MacDonald Government about which the American public reads little, whereas its defeats on minor measures are widely heralded as foreshadowing its demise. So far the Government has had luck and shown skill and ability. Already it has justified itself by two acts alone: its abandonment of the Singapore naval base and its decision to practice open diplomacy.

**O**SWALD MOSELY'S decision to join the Independent Labor Party brings to that organization one of the ablest and most promising young men in England, whom some are already describing as a future Prime Minister. The son-in-law of Marquis Curzon, Mr. Mosely has not hesitated to poke fun at the Government in which his father-in-law was so distinguished a figure, just as Stanley Baldwin's son opposed his father on the stump. To both of these young radicals—Mr. Mosely is only 27—the Conservative Government was somnolent and stuffy. Mr. Mosely correctly characterized one of Lord Curzon's notes as "pompous" and added that "all the ministers went to bed for a month, so arduous was the exertion of maintaining their dignity." Quite aside from personalities, however, the accession to Labor ranks of men of this type gives the greatest hope for that party's future. It helps to sound the knell of the Liberal Party; bolters from the Conservative ranks used to find their refuge in the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman.

**H**ARLAN F. STONE, the new Attorney General, is a kind of conservative more frequently met with in England than in this country. He wants fair play for those with whom he disagrees. When Mitchell Palmer was stir-

ring the country with his brutal and illegal "Red Raids" Harlan Stone, then dean of the Columbia University Law School, challenged the justice of his course in a vigorous letter which was the more convincing because of Dean Stone's known lack of sympathy with those whose rights he defended. But more than one honest conservative is needed to restore the people's confidence in an Administration which has so long tolerated the corrupt crew which has been misgoverning the nation.

**O**NE OF THE FIRST THINGS for Attorney General Stone to do is to act in the case of a poor Lithuanian who suffers under the name of Joseph Baltrusaitis. Baltrusaitis has just been sent to jail for a technical offense committed in November, 1920, under a statute which has been suspended. A Department of Justice detective, dressed as a laborer, obtained from him copies of certain Communist pamphlets in English, which Baltrusaitis could neither read nor write (a Russian friend had left them with him), and the Lithuanian was thereupon tried and convicted on a charge of discouraging the recruiting and enlisting of soldiers—although no soldiers were then being recruited. He appealed, but the conviction was affirmed, and on March 12, five and a half years after the armistice, Baltrusaitis was sent to Leavenworth Prison to serve his two-year term. He should be pardoned, as should the twelve Cincinnati Socialists indicted in 1917 for opposing the draft act, whose case is now on appeal.

**H**AIL, COLUMBIA! A few Southern students at the New York university recently awakened to the fact that a Negro student was living in the same dormitory with them. These students very likely had been nursed by a colored mammy, shaved by colored barbers, waited upon by colored servants—but when they discovered that a colored man was living quietly in the same building with them they agreed that his proximity was unbearable. They protested, and a few days later a flaming cross, the ironic emblem of the Ku Klux Klan, burned outside the hall. But the university authorities stood firm, and the other students rallied to the cause of human decency. Dean Hawkes announced that the university would not discriminate in any way against a member of the colored race, and the majority of the white students of Furnald Hall signed a memorial to the authorities defending the colored student's right to exist and disassociating themselves from the protest of the few Southerners.

**T**HE LEGISLATORS OF MISSISSIPPI recently listened to a statement from a group of Negro leaders which described the conditions of servitude and injustice existing in the State. The statement was fairly reported in the press and commented upon with respect. The Governor had previously declared for a "square deal" for the Negro and for the "fullest cooperation between the white man and the black." The exodus of colored labor from Mississippi had made the question of inter-racial relations more than a matter of sentiment; Mississippi must treat the Negroes like human beings or they will simply walk out. This combination of facts led *The Nation* to suggest in its issue of April 2 that there was a ray of hope for Mississippi. We were evidently premature and overoptimistic. The legislators listened to the memorial of the



Negroes and then adopted a resolution condemning it. If there is hope for Mississippi it will have to rest with a liberal Governor and a few Negro citizens of intelligence.

**"MECHANICAL TROUBLE"** in the broadcasting apparatus seems to be a disease with symptoms curiously similar to those of censorship. Three times recently radio speeches have been cut short. Each time the victim has thought that the trouble was censorship, and the radio company has explained that it was "mechanical trouble." Once Hudson Maxim was left talking to himself about prohibition, the radio fans being cut off as soon as Mr. Maxim began expressing his disapproval of the Volstead Act; once Olga Petrova was cut off when she launched into a defense of woman's right to her own name, her own children, and her own job—outside the home; and finally the circuit was broken when James K. Hackett attacked the New York critics who belittle Shakespeare and prefer Shaw. If the radio companies do not get over the habit of discovering "mechanical trouble" whenever a speaker makes remarks they do not like the radio fans will begin discussing government control in a manner which they will find still more objectionable.

**THE REMOVAL OF THE INDEPENDENT** to Boston, under the joint ownership of Richard E. Danielson and Christian A. Herter, 3d, brings forward the possibility that this historic journal, now in its seventy-fifth year, may be rescued for future usefulness. It was nearly extinguished, after its sale by Hamilton Holt, by the same management which founded and ended the *Weekly Review*. If, as its new owners announce, the *Independent* is really to be a nonpartisan liberal and constructive journal, no one will rejoice more than *The Nation*. If true to itself any really liberal journal will find it hard sledding today, as the fate of the brilliant *Freeman* proves. But we are more than hopeful that the many signs and portents of a liberal reawakening from the present intolerable political, economic, and social backwardness will inure to the benefit of all the weeklies which believe that America has another future than that of being politically the most static of countries. The growing failure of the daily press as an adequate interpreter of our times makes hourly more important the function of the weekly and monthly recorder of events. Another new publication which comes to our desk, *Humanity*, under the editorship of Dr. William J. Robinson, is fresh proof of the unquenchable desire to bring modern thought to the discussion of diverse problems, while the growth of *Public Affairs* and the *Forum* encourages the hope that thoughtful Americans are at last turning to a study of the political problems they have too long neglected.

**"THE SALACIOUS 'SOPHIE'"** and "the filthy 'Failures'": so the Mayor of Boston has stigmatized the last two dramatic productions of the Boston Stage Guild. The presence in Philip Moeller's "Sophie" of a worldly eighteenth-century French abbé seems first to have aroused the suspicions of the city censor, who subsequently demanded the elimination of all the "gods" and "damns." As usual this censorship served only to swell the audience at later performances. The president of the Harvard Dramatic Club, R. S. Aldrich, took up the cudgels: "The play was produced for cultured and sophisticated audiences—

not for men like Curley, Quinn, and Casey." These words drew the fire of the good mayor of Boston, who came back with a swinging shillelah, reminding the Harvard senior that "Messrs. Curley, Quinn, and Casey belong to a race—Celtic—that had a literature and art, a drama and poetry, and a clean virile civilization thousands of years before the ancestors of Aldrich, '24—Eldrich and Teutonic—emerged from the gloom and savagery of the Baltic jungles." Finally Mayor Curley let fire a magnificent broadside of alliteration against "those who mistake dirt for daring and decadence for drama," against those "breeders of bawdiness who have gone back to the beasts and the bones" and against the whole "sophistication of the social sewer." This new Catholic Puritanism of Boston in its thunderings against the theater is hardly more broad-minded, but at least it uses merrier verbiage than its Protestant prototype.

**BERNARD SHAW** has the rare quality of being irritated cheerfully. His latest irritation is at the French. They do not like his version of the story of "Saint Joan." So he comments: "The real woman in Joan is still as unpopular as she was when the Burgundians sold her to the English and the latter delivered her to the French church and to the Inquisition to be burned." An explanation of his "Arms and the Man" in a program of the Odéon in Paris annoyed him still more, and provoked him to this:

Appreciation of my plays has become a kind of test of civilization. . . . I have educated London, I have educated New York, Berlin, and Vienna. Moscow and Stockholm are at my feet. But I am too old to educate Paris. It lags too far behind, and I am too far ahead. I am afraid I shall never be on good terms with the Parisians. You see, I know France much better than they know her, and I like her so much better. . . . The Parisians don't appreciate her. They should all be expelled from France and replaced by Englishmen, the English who really appreciate her.

**RISEN OVER NIGHT** from a mere profession like law and medicine, the new religion of advertising has inspired a worshiper at the University of Oregon to a "Copy Writer's Prayer":

O God of the Printed Page!  
Incline this day thine ear to me,  
Who, perforce, must join in one  
The poet and the peddler,  
The singer and the salesman—  
A minstrel of the market-place  
Whose craft it is to find  
The hidden heart of things for sale,  
And make that spirit vocal,  
So that multitudes may hear—and buy.

And when my flaccid fingers can no longer fumble  
The keys of the typewriter,  
And my copy is flat, stale, and unprofitable,  
Then may I, O God of the Printed Page!  
Be not unworthy of the epitaph:

"HERE LIES THE COPY WRITER—INTER-  
PRETER OF TRADE—PROPHET OF  
COMMERCE—REVELATOR OF BUSINESS!"

What vistas of aspiration this opens! What idealistic youth will ever be content to learn dentistry or mining or the saxophone now, when he may become the Prophet of Pebecco or the Revelator of the Rolls-Royce? When at the very least he may help spread the Gospel of Glostora?

## General Dawes and the Politicians

IF the Dawes report had been made five years ago in peace-conference days, or four years ago in Spa-conference days, or three years ago in London-conference days, or even a year ago when the occupation of the Ruhr was new, it might have come as a fresh wind bringing relief to weary Europe. Today . . .

It begins right. The method of approach is right. The committee began, for the first time in history, to set the reparations question on its feet instead of on its head. Hitherto the Allies have begun with the question: How much do *we* need, or want? The answer was always more than the Germans could pay, and when the Germans said so the usual Allied answer was "Sign, and shut up." That pretty process occurred at Paris, at Spa, and at London, and every time economic facts gave the answer which the Germans had not been permitted to make. In the course of years it dawned upon the Allies that the right way was to begin with the question: How much can Germany pay? The Dawes committee set out with that right principle in mind. But it began in Paris, where the ultimatum has become a governmental habit, and bit by bit the experts have compromised with the politicians. The report, apparently, is not a summary of what the distinguished business men and economists who wrote it thought Germany could and should (for economic reasons) be made to pay, but a compromise between that and what Poincaré, with his eye on the elections in May, was willing to accept.

Elections! There is the poison that has crept into what was to have been an economic report. Politics—partisan campaigns, reviving the moods and mistakes of these miserable post-war years—have done their dirty work, and will do it increasingly in the coming four weeks. It is so pitifully easy to inflame a people with preelection jingoism! A worse time could hardly have been chosen for the publication of the experts' report. The German elections are due on May 4; the French elections on May 11. The failure of the Ruhr invasion will be forgotten. Hasty and ill-digested excerpts from the report, hotly nationalistic pleas for its acceptance or rejection will sway the campaigns both in France and in Germany, and the result is as little likely to represent the sober second judgment of the electors as did Lloyd George's khaki election in 1918 or the bloc-national election of 1919 in France.

Unfortunately the Dawes report, if the preliminary summaries which have "leaked" into the press are to be trusted, gives all too much scope to the wild men in both countries. Mr. Arno Dosch-Fleurot, one of the most reliable and experienced European correspondents, reports to the New York *World* that the plan is for a five-year partial moratorium, in which Germany must meet the treaty charges (including the cost of the occupation) and make certain deliveries in kind, gradually adding cash payments until in 1929 (which the experts expect to be a "normal year") she will be asked to pay 2½ billion gold marks as reparations; this to continue thereafter and to be added to if an "index of prosperity" indicates the possibility of increase. To enable bankrupt Germany to meet the immediate payments a foreign loan of \$200,000,000 is envisaged. A commissioner general, somewhat similar to the international dictator of Austria, is provided for, and associated with him

are four chief commissioners who will also be foreigners. Subject to their general supervision is the gold bank, which is to have a monopoly of the issue of currency; one-quarter of its capital will go to the Reichsbank and three-quarters be put on the market, and its directorate will be one-half German and one-half foreign. A Bank Transfer Committee, of six foreigners, will supervise the purchase of foreign currency and the reparations payments. The railroads are to be transferred from the Government to a private holding corporation with nine German and nine foreign directors and be bonded for 11 billion gold marks. A transport tax involving another three-billion gold-mark bond issue (equivalent to 7½ per cent of the gross earnings of the railroads) is to provide another share of the reparation payments, and an industrial bond issue of 5 billion gold marks, which is considered roughly equivalent to the profit made by the industrialists during the period of currency depreciation, is to yield another share of the burden.

This involves a total of 5 billion dollars' worth of bonds sooner or later to be floated on the international market, apart from the \$75,000,000 in capital stock of the gold bank and the immediate foreign loan of \$200,000,000. These are figures almost as fantastic and incredible to the banker as to the layman. The interminable delays in the preparation of the Dawes report plainly indicate that the experts have not been agreed upon them, and the British Government has already given hints that it does not regard them as feasible. Yet already the jingoes are crying "Germany must be made to pay." In the idiotic words of the New York *Herald-Tribune*: "The Allied governments . . . have the means to compel German submission. If they stand together loyally to enforce the settlement Germany will surrender, as she did in May, 1921." What good did that surrender do? What good can any *surrender* do? Europe's need is not for surrenders, ultimatums, defiances, but for agreement; and no settlement or report can bring relief until it comes as an agreed basis for payment in proportion to an agreed capacity to pay. Germany will never pay until there is within Germany a substantial body of public sentiment which believes it worth while trying to pay; and no loan at all, much less the enormous loans here contemplated, can be floated in the international market without assurance of such a guaranty in German public opinion.

Apparently the Dawes report has been revised in consultation with French politicians of the ruling clique. It may well give the nationalist bloc a new lease of life, for it gives them a new golden hope to replace the Ruhr policy, once so radiant with easy money, now so discredited. The report might better have been revised in consultation with the liberal groups in both countries. Unless the summaries of it are misleading it is less likely to promote in Germany a willingness to pay than to foster the reactionary current which recently gave so tragic a self-revelation in the verdict of the Ludendorff-Hitler trial in Munich. Ludendorff, avowed commander-in-chief of the army of rebellion, was acquitted; Hitler, chief rebel, sentenced to five years in prison. Less than six years ago Ludendorff, clad in muffled from revolutionary Germany to Denmark. Today he is again a national hero. That is the result of five years of ultimatums. Will the politicians ever let us have peace?



## Mr. Weeks Should Go

**M**R. DENBY is out of the Cabinet; so is Mr. Daugherty. Should John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, be the next to go? A year and a half ago *The Nation* said Mr. Weeks was falling down on his job. In an editorial on November 8, 1922, we noted that he was failing to uncover the vast frauds believed to exist in his department or to bring to justice the known offenders. We cited some facts also leading to the belief that he was purposely sitting on the lid: his failure to reinstate Major W. O. Watts and his shielding of Colonel L. E. Hanson.

Since that writing the policy of inaction and obstruction has gone on until at last some testimony in the Daugherty investigation has disclosed the administration of Mr. Weeks as another public scandal. Reliable witnesses have put Mr. Weeks in a most compromising position in regard to two of the notorious war frauds—the Bosch Magneto and the Standard Aircraft Corporation—while one of these witnesses, himself a lawyer, stated unequivocally that the Secretary of War could be and ought to be indicted for conspiracy to defraud the United States because of his course in the proceedings against the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. In spite of soft pedaling by big business and the commercialized press, Congress ought next to investigate Mr. Weeks and the War Department, where there is all too much evidence already of the same web of thievery, jobbery, and espionage that has been found in the office of the Attorney General. In a panic-stricken effort to cover this up Thomas F. Lane, legal adviser to the Chief of the Army Air Service, was lately dismissed because of his effort to assist the Daugherty investigating committee, and in true Department-of-Justice style his brief-case was rifled and its contents put in the personal custody of Mr. Weeks. There has also been a mad scramble in the War Department to hurry over to the Department of Justice cases that have been slumbering quietly since Mr. Weeks took office three years ago. Captain William F. Volandt, Assistant Chief of the Finance Division of the Air Service, inadvertently let this cat out of the bag when he testified to the recent need of Mr. Lane's services in connection with the Standard Aircraft case. "We wanted to rush it over and get it into the Department of Justice," said Captain Volandt thoughtlessly. Then ensued the following dialogue between Senator Wheeler and the wriggling, squirming, but helpless witness:

Q. You wanted to rush it over to get it into the Department of Justice while this hearing was on? A. Absolutely not.

Q. You had had it four or five years and never made any rush before this. A. We have been rushing it all the time, and the records of the air service will indicate that.

Q. And you have been five years rushing it without getting it any place? A. No; not five years.

Q. How long? A. About three years.

Q. And you very conveniently rushed it over since this hearing started and since you knew we had started to have some testimony taken upon this particular case? A. No, sir.

Q. Has it gone over now? A. Yes, sir; it is in the Department of Justice.

Q. When did it go over there? A. As near as my recollection goes, four or five days ago.

But let us return to the specific charges against Mr. Weeks made in the Daugherty inquiry. Captain S. L. Scaife, formerly a special agent in the Department of Justice, testified that the law firm of Hornblower and Weeks had acted in 1918 in what later proved to be the illegal sale of the Bosch Magneto Company, receiving a donation of 7,000 shares, valued at \$420,000. Mr. Weeks was not then Secretary of War, but in 1922, after he had become such, the head of the Bosch Magneto Company suggested, in an effort to head off disagreeable proceedings, that all the interests "take John W. Weeks to Daugherty and put a quietus on this thing."

Mr. Lane told at the inquiry of favors to Mitsui and Company, backers of the Standard Aircraft Corporation, in the recent audit of the latter's affairs by the War Department. These favors, presumably known to if not obtained from Mr. Weeks, extended to the point of allowing a representative of Mitsui and Company to "sit in" at the audit and thus learn what cards were in the Government's hand.

But the most serious and specific charge against Mr. Weeks is that of Captain Scaife in connection with the Government's claim of an overpayment of more than \$5,000,000 to the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. This claim, according to Captain Scaife, has been scandalously delayed both in the War Department and the Attorney General's office, and warrants criminal action against Mr. Weeks for conspiracy to defraud the United States. In 1921, in a letter addressed to "My Dear John," Charles Hayden of the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation wrote to Secretary Weeks complaining of the treatment the company was receiving at the hands of the Air Service and suggesting that "everything that can be done by cooperation between bankers and the Government to inspire confidence in a legitimate way should be done." Secretary Weeks thereupon assured "My Dear Hayden" that the decision of the Air Service was "not conclusive"; that there was appeal to a "higher officer" and, still further, "to myself." The case, however, was forwarded to the Department of Justice by the Assistant Secretary of War, J. M. Wainwright, and Robert M. Lovett, Assistant Attorney General, sent it on November 15, 1921, to William Hayward, United States Attorney, New York City, for trial. Then, on November 23, 1921, after the case had passed out of the jurisdiction of the War Department, Mr. Weeks wrote to Mr. Hayden, apparently in response to a new appeal for "cooperation":

I will see Mr. Hoyt [an officer of the Wright-Martin company] if he will call my secretary and make an appointment. In the meantime I have requested that no further immediate action be taken by the Department of Justice until I have had a talk with Mr. Hoyt.

The case was stopped. There was another "hearing" by the Department of Justice, and action has so far been prevented by taking the case from Mr. Hayward and giving it to a second and finally a third attorney.

*The Nation* concluded its editorial of November 8, 1922, by saying of Mr. Weeks: "An aroused public ought to compel him to get busy or walk the plank." We would amend that now to read: "An aroused public ought to compel him to get busy and walk the plank."



## The Books That Bloom in the Spring

THE plaint of the preacher is one which, as we have said before, we cannot wholly indorse. It is a pity that there is no end of the making of bad books, but a world without new books would lack a stir, a vividness, a cultivation of the consciousness, a high and pleasurable and, in the last analysis, philosophical awareness of life which we cannot afford to lose. Thus each recurring publishing season is a season of interest, of pleasure, and of expectation. Such a season may not bring a masterpiece; if it did we might not recognize it for what it was. But each season is bound to bring an increase in vital and thoughtful communication among men, some freshness of vision, some new cadence of verse, some story not quite an old story, some tale of reality that enlarges the vision and enriches the life within.

Recent years have brought about enormous changes in the publishing scene and the life of the mind in America. Our history is more searching, our biography more critical, our fiction more veracious, and our verse more alive. Biographers and historians, men as utterly different in outlook and stature as Henry and James Truslow Adams, Thomas Beer, Gamaliel Bradford, Thomas Craven, have tried to illuminate their own as well as the national past. What has happened in consequence is something that has happened in other countries—a reappraisal and almost a re-creation of the national past for the uses of the present in terms of new vision and new values. Closely allied with this effort has been the extraordinary birth of criticism among us. This criticism is not always serene, not always notably well-balanced. But it has been remarkable and heartening by virtue of the fact that it is no longer narrowly literary and formal in the older sense but sweeps through the whole field of articulate civilization with a fresh and courageous stroke. In this season alone we have Carl Van Doren's "Many Minds," Percy H. Boynton's "Some Contemporary Americans," Floyd Dell's "Looking at Life," Paul Rosenfeld's "Port of New York," Gilbert Seldes's "The Seven Lively Arts."

These books, like the newer biographies and histories, are all books that deal with values in terms of facts, writings, men. They do not embroider upon a static condition nor, in the manner of the works of the schoolmen, illustrate the fixed and dead by an appeal to rules and statutes. They are out on an expedition of research. They are the books of truth-seekers, if not always of truth-finders. They are turning upon our civilization such a stream of fresh ideas as Matthew Arnold was always praying for. And the stir in the world of thought and perception originated by biographers, historians, critics, has been carried far and can occasionally be seen in the pages of popular fiction and popular magazines. In brief, thinking has become almost good form in our contemporary literature although a few years ago no one could honestly say that it was regarded as anything but a dangerous pastime.

Significant of the change that has come over the entire field of American letters and American thought is the relation toward foreign literatures that is being established. This relation is not new. It is established, as Gourmont pointed out long ago, in all periods in which a

given national literature attains freshness and fruitfulness and thus reaches out, as though by a natural instinct, for fertilizing pollen from other fields. We no longer import the trashy, the mild, the innocuous. Gone are the days when a Mrs. Whitney could translate volume after volume of Marlitt and flood the land with the false sugari-ness of that estimable lady. Anatole France and Jacob Wassermann have become powers among us, men who, exquisitely suave in the one case, somber and impassioned in the other, dig to the roots of life, stir the very foundations, call upon the hidden deeps. Knut Hamsun and Thomas Mann are making their way with American readers. These readers, although they do not know it (and perhaps it is just as well that they do not know it) are no longer mere seekers after entertainment in the hours when the true business of life is quieted, but have begun to seek in books that which shall help them to conduct the true business of both their outer and their inner lives. The number of such readers is relatively not very great. It is sufficient to have changed the aspect of American letters fundamentally, and it is this change that each succeeding publishing season accelerates and confirms.

## Blessed Are the Peacemakers

"Not a 'Whatever, Whenever, Wherever' card has been signed; no religious editor has tabulated 'conversions,' but judged by Christ's own evidences of discipleship—reviling, persecution, and hatred—the greatest revival in the history of American colleges has broken out at Northwestern University."—Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.

THIRTY-EIGHT students at Northwestern University, some of them ex-service men, are taking Christianity seriously. They dared, as *The Nation* has recorded, to stand up and dedicate their lives to peace. They said that they would never take part in war again. As a result Northwestern has been stirred to the depths; Evanston has seen soldiers marching once more through its streets, Chicago's newspapers have used headlines big enough and black enough for a first-class murder or divorce. The Christian pacifists have been reviled, persecuted, threatened with expulsion and bodily violence; one student, victim of mistaken identity, has been kicked out of a classroom; the cowardice of mob hysteria has blared forth as if it were war-time—and hundreds of thousands of people have been set to thinking about pacifism.

The most ludicrous product of the profession of faith of the thirty-eight was a community mass meeting held, with the cooperation of the American Legion, in Padden Gymnasium at the university. This was to reinitiate "patriotism" in the student body and to reinstate the university with the moneyed militarists. Part of the *Chicago Tribune's* account of this expression of a free American city, at an institution of "learning," under the aegis of a church dedicated to the Prince of Peace, follows:

[It] was a rousing affair, reminiscent of the patriotic fervor of World War days. The "thirty-eight pale, anemic pinks," pledged never to fight for their country, were there, but silent and under enforced respectfulness. They heard themselves excoriated, ridiculed, and held up to public scorn, but only one had the temerity to ask permission to speak. He didn't get it. . . . Brigadier General Nathan William MacChesney . . . drew thunderous applause in

his characterization of the thirty-eight as "spineless, pusillanimous pacifists" and his classification of Brent Dow Allinson [a war-time conscientious objector] with Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot. . . . "Though we believe in keeping open the doors of the university to all classes of students" [he said] "we want no one guilty of treason to his country." . . . Another speaker discussed throwing the pacifists "into the sewer with the other refuse." . . . Col. O. C. Smith, State commander of the Spanish-American War Veterans of Illinois, however, said the Padden gym meeting was too much of a whitewash for the university and not enough was done to purge the school of taint by pruning rotten branches. David Wollins, a pacifist who was expelled from Northwestern last Friday, came to the platform and introduced himself to Brigadier General MacChesney, saying he disagreed with the speaker. . . .

The *Tribune* added to its streamer-head on the front page, to its story, cartoon, editorial, and back-page pictures, a revelation of "How Dead Hand of Lenin Guides Youth of U. S. A.; Astounding Propaganda in Churches, Schools," and a persecution directory of all the pacifists they could locate at the school.

President Walter Dill Scott hastened to issue a careful statement of his and Northwestern's attitude. He claimed for both himself and the university a proud record of military service. He deprecated, however, handling the problem of the conscientious objector with "impulsive" methods. He reminded his audience that "it is an old problem and one that has presented difficulties in every land in which there are large numbers of Christians" (*sic!*). He did not recommend slicing off the heads of all these Christians as Diocletian's officer beheaded Maximilianus, although he recalled the case; he urged "converting" them by persuasion, as Alvin York was "converted"—he who came to shoot "an unbelievable number of Germans, and at one time took 132 of them prisoners in the Argonne Forest," 13.2 Germans for each of his fingers.

Perhaps the thirty-eight Christians and their sympathizers might not have brought about such a rain of modern savagery had they not happened to launch their views in the midst of a great campaign to raise an endowment fund for the university. Its publicity was more difficult to ignore than the resolution unanimously adopted more than a year ago by the [Methodist] Puget Sound Conference.

Resolved, that we commend the attitude of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* in its adverse criticism of the action of the trustees of Northwestern University in signally honoring the head of the United States Steel Corporation, than which no great organization in American industry has shown greater disregard for the Christian ideals repeatedly expressed in the social pronouncements of all of our churches. While we fully appreciate the personal and local elements involved, we feel that such action by one of our great schools tends to neutralize the positive Christian ideals to which we adhere.

The sensitiveness of such groups in the Methodist church affects the trustees at Northwestern, Methodist though it be, but little. They have managed to remain superbly oblivious of the memorial unanimously adopted on March 24 by 300 ministers of the New York East Conference asking the Methodist Church "to declare for an unalterable opposition on the part of our church to the entire war system, economic exploitation, and militarism. . . ." Will the Methodist church finally accept the sixth commandment which has been in their creed these 2,000 years? The "thirty-eight" have set an example.

## Spring Realism

WHAT is real? No philosopher has ever told us; none has been able to prove the actuality of a single thing outside of our consciousness. Things are real that are real to us; nothing else exists. The daily newspapers slip into our offices, flatten out before us, and attempt to lure us into a belief in the existence of themselves and of certain crimes and market conditions and national crises; and there are, it seems, politicians in a town called Washington whose behavior is a scandal. They steal our money and barter our land and break their own laws. The odor of their grimy linen, poked into official closets and corners, has spread like a vapor over the country. We, too, should smell it.

But we don't smell it. The odor that reaches our nostrils is of sun on tarred pavement, of damp earth from the churchyard below us, and, faintly, on the southeast breeze, of the sea. The newspaper and its stories are infinitely more remote, far less real, than the shimmering outline of some equatorial island. Following the wisdom of our noses we go out into the street and down to the docks and aboard a ferry-boat. We ride out into a harbor of lively, believable activity—of barges and lighters and tugs, and, in its slip, a vessel flying the "Blue Peter," with steam up for Panama and the islands of the South. Reality is aboard that vessel and half a dozen others, all leaving for somewhere with an air of practicality and a matter-of-fact assurance. And everything that is real in us reaches toward the ships and the islands out beyond that quiver under a hotter sun and breathe a richer air—real islands, you know, solid as a hard-boiled egg, real as oatmeal and bread-and-butter. The ships and the men aboard them have sense and proportion. They are a part of a world where it is not held fantastic or romantic to come to know the alluring features of the earth's face. Distant countries, islands, harbors, oceans, people—these are facts that can be felt and tested, that can be taken for granted and made a part of life by all but romantic fools who believe that economic theories and political struggles are real and that China is not.

It seems a pity that, apart from sailors and their ships and a few other sensible folk, the far parts of the earth are visited so largely by unbelievers, by people who do not seek reality but who want to get away from it. Nervous wrecks and bank robbers and disappointed lovers from time immemorial have left their jobs and their newspapers and their civic-improvement societies and all the things that they believe in, and have made off over the face of the earth. Their motto is to "get away from everything." They become cowboys or sailors or wanderers in strange lands because cowboys and sailors are people in a book and strange lands are unreal and romantic. Such life-dodgers should be kept at home. The world should lie open to its natural friends who can smell it and taste it and accept it without a struggle. Every man to the things that are real to him. . . .

The ferry grinds into its slip; rude throngs propel us ashore. Equally insistent and equally rude internal forces shove us up the street to an office and a desk and a waiting, hopeful morning newspaper. Still protesting, still disbelieving, we plunge headlong into the untrue, the unreal, the non-existent.



## The Scandals of the Seventies

By ARTHUR WARNER

Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid  
Is that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several million?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Controller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilian?

**S**PEAKING in Congress toward the close of the Grant Administration of the frauds and scandals that had been coming to light one after another since the Civil War, George F. Hoar of Massachusetts said:

A great war; the time which follows a great war; great public debts; currency and values inflated; the exertion of new and extraordinary powers for the safety of the state; the sudden call of millions of slaves to a share in the government—any one of these things would be expected to create great disturbance, and give rise to great temptations and great corruptions. Our term of office has seen them all combined. And yet I do not scruple to affirm that not only has there been less dishonesty and maladministration in the sixteen years of Republican rule proportionally to the number and wealth of the people than in the first sixteen years after the inauguration of Washington, but there has been less absolutely of those things.

In the same way we may look back from the official debauchery in the wake of the World War and, comparing it with that directly after the Civil War, derive as much hope as did Mr. Hoar when he turned from the sorry spectacle of his day to the sins of the founding fathers. If it is any consolation to know that one's forebears were worse than oneself, there is balm for this generation in the almost continuous story of national degradation that was given to the public during the Presidency of General Grant, continuing in lesser degree into the terms of Hayes and Garfield.

The opening chapter was the uncovering of the Credit Mobilier with its trail of bribery and jobbery in the building of our first transcontinental railway. This great project, begun in 1863, languished for lack of capital until four years later, when the contract for construction was taken over by the Credit Mobilier of America, a Pennsylvania corporation with wide financial powers. The continent was finally spanned in 1869, the year when Grant became President, by connecting the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific, the one built westward from the Missouri River, the other laid eastward from the Pacific coast. Congress paid the builders a subsidy of \$16,000 a mile across the prairie country and from \$32,000 to \$48,000 through the mountains. Nor did it stop there. The American people were as prodigal and careless of land then as they are of water-power, oil, and timber now, and they threw in 25,000,000 acres of the public domain as well.

Oakes Ames, a Representative from Massachusetts, potent in the Credit Mobilier, undertook to spread its stock among public officials not so much with a view to getting further favors as with the hope of preventing hostile action when the public came to realize the value of the gifts already made. Apparently Ames did not give away any stock, but he sold it at \$100 par when its market value was twice

that, and he carried his customers along without pressing them if they didn't find it convenient to pay cash.

In the presidential campaign of 1872, when the Republicans were running Grant for a second term, the Democrats charged that the Vice-President (Schuyler Colfax), the Republican nominee for that office in the forthcoming election, the Speaker of the House, and a number of members of Congress had received stock in the Credit Mobilier in return for services. Both branches of Congress began investigations (even as you and I), and—what came of it? Why (in the most modern way imaginable) all the accusations and near-accusations and counter-accusations simmered down to a report from a House committee the next year that Ames and one other Representative had acted with "intent to influence the votes of members" and should be expelled. But they were not. The House compromised on a vote of censure, and the scandal passed into history.

No doubt the original charges—made as campaign ammunition—were exaggerated, but even with all allowances the outcome was farcical. In writing the story later Woodrow Wilson said:

But many a detail came to light which showed that members carried very easy-going consciences in such matters, accepted favors without looking too curiously into their motive or significance, thought more often of their personal interests than of the public honor, and felt very slightly the responsibility of their posts of trust. It was open to any one who chose to believe that less had been told than had been covered up; that, with but a little more probing, it might have been possible to unearth many an unsavory intrigue.

Soon after a series of appalling irregularities in the national finances came to the surface. It was discovered, for instance, that the acting Secretary of the Treasury, William A. Richardson, had made a contract with a certain John D. Sanborn to collect internal revenue taxes "share and share alike." Sanborn had pocketed some \$200,000 before there was an outcry and the scheme came to an end. Amazing as it seems, the men who inquired into this proceeding reported that it was legal and that nobody could be prosecuted. Perhaps; but as a historian of the period puts it, "Mr. Richardson's resignation was soon after reluctantly accepted by the President [General Grant], and his nomination to the Court of Claims confirmed with equal reluctance by the Senate."

But this was only a curtain-raiser for the frauds of the Whiskey Ring, a conspiracy embracing federal office-holders, distillers, and others, all so well intrenched and protected that in spite of the honest and determined efforts of B. H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, it was long before legal evidence could be obtained, and only a few of the extensive gang of bandits were ever brought to justice. Mr. Bristow was unable to get anywhere through official investigators, but he finally succeeded through the efforts of a journalist of St. Louis (where the frauds were believed to center) in comparing whiskey shipments as disclosed by railway bills of lading with those upon which internal revenue had been paid. It was estimated that in 1871-1873 three times as much whiskey had been shipped from St. Louis as had paid



taxes, with a loss of nearly three million dollars to the Government. Part of the graft stuck to private fingers and part was destined for the campaign fund needed to elect Grant for a second term.

Grant's own relations to the fraud were most unfortunate. When evidence was finally obtained and indictments were returned against nearly a hundred government officials, General O. E. Babcock, Grant's private secretary, was among the number. Grant himself, when visiting St. Louis, had been offered—and had accepted—a pair of horses and a carriage from some of the men who were later implicated in the frauds. Babcock had received a gift of a \$2,400 shirt stud, but had complained because there was a flaw in the diamond! His loving friends thereupon substituted another (and let us hope satisfactory) jewel. When a letter of accusation against Babcock came before Grant, the President indorsed it with the since famous sentence: "Let no guilty man escape." Unfortunately, his acts belied his words. The prosecutors of Babcock complained of obstacles due to influence higher up, and although a number of prominent men were found guilty the President's private secretary was acquitted. The public was not so lenient, and criticism compelled Grant to dismiss his protegee soon after.

Simultaneously with the frauds of the Whiskey Ring there was a most malodorous bit of lobbying in behalf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In 1865 Congress had passed an act authorizing the Postmaster General to make contracts with the Pacific Mail for Asiatic postal services. In 1872 another bill was put through granting the company a subsidy of \$500,000 a year for "additional monthly mail service" under various conditions which were not fulfilled. The subsidy was paid just the same, and in an investigation a couple of years later it came out that a fund of \$750,000 had been sent to Washington to get the subsidy through. Some \$300,000 was intrusted to Representative John G. Schumaker of Brooklyn and lesser sums to at least two other men. The public never learned into whose hands it trickled from those sources. As *The Nation* of January 28, 1875, remarked, the controllers of the slush fund apparently gave it to the trio with "carte blanche to corrupt anybody they could, relying on their reputation as skilled workmen."

As if all this were not filth enough for one administration, Grant's Secretary of War, W. W. Belknap, went wading up to the ears in the financial mire about him. He turned his office into a brokerage bureau for job hunters, and made a small fortune selling positions in the government service. He sold jobs over the counter, cash and carry; he found work for needy applicants on a commission basis; he had all the outward suavity and internal granite of an employment agency. And speaking of granite, he made \$90,000 on the side through contracts for soldiers' monuments in national cemeteries. Eventually he overplayed his hand, the scandal got too loud, and one fine day the House of Representatives voted to impeach him. But Belknap beat Congress to it. A couple of hours before the vote was taken he submitted his resignation to Grant and it was immediately accepted by the complacent President. Just the same the Senate proceeded to an impeachment trial. The ex-Secretary's lawyer argued that with his client out of office the Senate had no further authority. The Senate, by a close vote, decided that it had, and then went on by an equally close majority to record its belief in the ex-Secretary's guilt. But as a two-thirds vote is necessary

to convict in an impeachment trial, the verdict had to be one of acquittal.

The Star Route frauds were not brought into the open until Grant had left the White House, but they undoubtedly owe their origin to the political ineptitude and moral anemia of his administration. The distribution of mail in the West depended then to a considerable extent upon stage lines of which, in 1878, nearly 10,000 had contracts with the Government at a cost of almost six million dollars. A syndicate was formed consisting of mail contractors and both Republican and Democratic politicians (even then the two historic parties were combining when self-interest demanded) for the purpose of increasing the amounts paid to certain stage lines. The usual method was to get up "petitions" asking for an increase in the number of trips a week or for quickening the time of the run. Then the politicians saw to it that the "estimates" were allowed, and the swag was divided between the gentlemen crooks in Washington and the flannel-shirt hold-up men in the provinces. By this method the payments to 135 routes were raised from \$143,169 to \$622,808, while the pay roll of twenty-six lines was boosted from \$65,216 to \$530,319. It is said that some of these stage services did not carry three letters a week.

As in the case of the Whiskey Ring, it was hard to obtain evidence of the conspirators in the Star Route swindles, and even when it was in hand the ramifications of the gang were so considerable—and their mutual insurance system so effective—that prosecution was impeded. The Second Assistant Postmaster General, Thomas W. Brady, was generally believed to be implicated, but he stood off prosecution by making it known that if he were proceeded against he would reveal some correspondence dragging President Garfield into the mess. Eventually he did make public a letter from the President to the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, beginning "My dear Hubbell" and expressing the hope that Brady "would give them all the assistance possible." Brady declared that this meant that he was to get money from the Star Route contractors. The President replied that it was intended as a call upon Brady to contribute to the campaign fund out of his own pocket. The letter was at least indelicate and unwise, and another sentence in it, "Please tell me how the departments generally are doing," showed Garfield's knowledge of and connivance in an effort to shake down government employees for the party campaign fund.

Whether Brady could have made other—and worse—exposures cannot be told. Anyhow various excuses were found for postponing his trial, and it was finally dropped. For that matter the entire prosecution fizzled. According to the account of E. Benjamin Andrews, only one man was ever punished, "and in this case the Government was in error, as the man was innocent."

Perhaps the genius of the counsel for the defense had something to do with the failure to obtain convictions for the Star Route frauds. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was one of the lawyers, and it is doubtful if the records of criminal defense contain a more brilliant coup than his plea for a client who had served in the Civil War, before a jury in which sat three Negroes, all probably former slaves. Turning upon these Negroes one after the other, "It is for you, and for you, and for you," he said, "to say whether a man who fought to take the chains off your body shall have chains put on his by your prejudice and ignorance."

## The Cruise of the S. S. Henderson

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

WE have seen the American navy at work and at play, and now we have come back to our desks to tell the world what the navy needs. We have seen the marines operating backward republics, and we have come back to tell the world about the fine roads that the occupying forces have built.

There were eighty-eight of us, editors and publishers, who set out from Charleston, S. C., as members of what was then called "Secretary Denby's party," to see the maneuvers of the navy in the Caribbean Sea, and to view the work of the marines in the island dependencies. Secretary Denby had planned to accompany us in the capacity of host, but rather pressing matters kept him in Washington, and while we were in tropical waters we read in the wireless news that our host had resigned.

The project was frankly an educational one, or what might be called, in the language of other days, a propaganda enterprise. It was a systematic effort to get the newspaper men to see through navy eyes the navy's program and policy. It was an undisguised effort to justify the American occupation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic before a group of men that might be expected to influence American public opinion. On the whole, I should say that the enterprise was an immense success.

During the long, tropical evenings, when mild moons and soft lapping of the waves make for the abolition of secrets, one catches glimpses of the sweating and planning that made this educational tour possible. One hears that when stops at Haiti and Santo Domingo were proposed high officials responded: "What? Take them down there where there is so much agitation? No!" But other counsels prevailed. Over his sparkling glass in a tropical cafe a high officer of the marines confides: "We were warned to be careful what we said before you fellows. But I don't care. I'm going to say what I think."

And so, despite the continuous round of receptions and the program of activities which, if followed, leave no time for mere idle conversation with natives and the humbler officers, one hears something of both sides of each of the situations presented to us.

There is the question of the needs of the navy. All the way down to the Indies, aboard the transport Henderson, we listen to lectures, two and three of them each day. The lectures are on many subjects, but the lecturers constantly revert to this many-sided topic, the needs of the navy. There is unanimity in the declaration that the navy needs to have the guns on the battleships elevated, so that we can shoot as far as the British can shoot, else the British may outshoot us in the next war. There is much emphasis upon the British light cruiser program, and a general feeling that we ought not to permit the British to beat us in the matter of building light cruisers.

But, on the other hand, our most scholarly and impressive speaker is a rear admiral who weighs his words and speaks with authority. He tells us that what the navy needs is another disarmament conference. He sees only

folly in a light-cruiser building race between the United States and any other nation. Granted that the United States shall be ably represented, a conference to stop the building of light cruisers is the desirable thing, says this speaker. The pleaders for a big fleet of light cruisers are outranked by this genial and well-balanced speaker, so they fall silent.

All through the maneuvers, it is plain that the navy needs more money. Four of the battleships are unable to take part because their engines are out of order. More airplane carriers are needed, so that our fleet may spot the enemy's fleet and may keep account of the hits scored. This enemy is a very real thing to the navy men. Sometimes one glimpses the enemy as British, and sometimes as Japanese. But always it is as actually present as was the devil at whom Martin Luther threw the ink-well.

One becomes interested in outwitting this enemy of our republic. One feels that one is getting the navy point of view. And then one thinks of the expense and the energy involved in the playing of this great game. Here are thirty thousand men, in this fleet at anchor in Vieques Bay, and one stands upon the deck of a unit of this fleet, and this one ship cost thirty million dollars. Perhaps the rear admiral is right.

The American Chamber of Commerce has prepared to entertain us at Port au Prince, but the occupying marines, with characteristic efficiency, are closer to the ship with their cars, and they whisk us off. There is some ill feeling on the part of some of the Chamber of Commerce folk, and it seems that this ill-feeling is not altogether new. Some of the business men impart to us the information that the military occupation is not all benevolence. We are assured that altogether too many natives have been shot, and that the first grand sweep of the marines over the city was disastrous to native non-combatant life and likewise to American prestige, for the natives will not forget.

On the other hand, the marines demonstrate for us, to the entire satisfaction of everyone, that they can shoot. They can and do perform wonders with machine-guns.

We visit the Syrian merchants, and they assure us that the American occupation is the salvation of these backward islands. Revolutions are hard on business, they say, and the Americans put a stop to the revolutions. We repeat this testimony in a Port au Prince cafe, where we find an interesting gathering of native intellectuals and free-speaking marine officers.

"Yes, that's what the Syrians say," replies the senior officer. "That's because the occupying forces spent money with them, and they think of nothing but their income. But what I say is, let's get out of here. This military government is top-heavy. Too many political pets at the top, and too many big salaries. These late-comers among the political Americans draw the color line, and you can't do that in a country where everybody is black. The native constabulary is competent to keep order, and we could leave a legation guard. I believe in killing 'em while we're



at war with 'em, and killing 'em good and plenty, but there's no sense in the way we're doing to 'em now."

We catch our breath in astonishment, and a black man, who is also a writing man, says: "He's right. He knows our people. I was one who welcomed the occupation. Now I pray for the Americans to leave. Our roads are costing us far more than we can afford, and they are good only for the occupying forces. Our people bring their produce to market on donkeys, and they must pull their donkeys off the roads when they see the military automobiles coming. The roads cost fabulous amounts, and to maintain them is worse. We cannot afford such roads for the conquerors to ride upon."

It is clear that there is discontent here. Maybe the higher officials who objected to our stopping in the occupied islands were right, after all.

But the officers of the occupation, highly placed, assure us that the discontent is slight. True, there is one Haitian editor in prison, and he has been in prison for many months without trial. But it is alleged that he not only made accusations against the high commissioner, a good American, but also cast aspersions upon the family of the President of the republic himself. It is predicted that this editor will be in prison a long while yet. Meanwhile, we are assured, there is freedom of the press in Haiti.

In Santo Domingo the air is charged with nervous hostility, but the people are reserved in their speaking.

"We are preparing for the coming election," they say, "and we are relying upon the Americans to withdraw, as they have told us they would, when we have had our election and got our new government working."

Preparations for the election are seen on every hand. The event has been postponed many times, but now there are big signs strung across the streets, assuring the people that this time the election will positively be held. American officials assure us that it will be an honest election, with no stuffing of the ballot-boxes. Repeating is to be guarded against. Each voter is to have a patch of hair shaved off his forearm when he casts his ballot, and if he is hairless on his arm, then he is to have his forefinger dipped into a chemical solution that will discolor the finger for several days. We smile at the ingenuity of the election officials, and wonder why such an excellent system should not be imported into New York and Omaha.

Will the occupation be discontinued after the election? The Dominican people seem to think so.

Over in the Virgin Islands the people are enthusiastic about the coming of the American party of journalists.

"We are Americans now," a middle-aged merchant assures us. "America has come and taken away our rum, and so we cannot make any money on our sugar-cane, for in these islands, where crops are uncertain, the rum represented the profit in the raising of sugar-cane. They have taken away our free port, too, and so we have not much prosperity. Heavy duties on everything. The ships that used to call at our free port now pass us by. We are getting poorer. But, if we are to be Americans, we prefer to be ruled by the navy men, as we are now. Our governmental expenses are so much greater than our income. Self-government is a luxury that we cannot afford, under American rule. The navy pays the difference, and is good to us."

In Porto Rico Americanization has had more time in which to work. There is intensive cultivation. There is great wealth, highly organized, and of course there is also great poverty, highly disorganized. There is politics, and it is working at all hours, but it is the voluble kind of politics that we are accustomed to in the States. It bears no resemblance to the sacred, secret, bitter politics of the conquered peoples of the backward republics.

The Porto Ricans do not complain of oppression. They merely argue for the right of a greater measure of self-government, and they argue hopefully and boldly. They were shocked by the silly blundering of the notorious E. Mont Reilly, and they use that episode as an argument in favor of the appointment or election of a Porto Rican as governor of Porto Rico. Some favor appointment of a Porto Rican by the President of the United States, some favor election of a governor by the people of Porto Rico, and some want full statehood. One gets the impression that these people eventually will get what they want, because they know the political game, and can play it well.

We are back in America, the land of the free. We read that the marines are active down in Honduras now. And we recall the demonstration battle that the marines staged for us on Culebra island: the bombardment from the sea, the swooping of the seaplanes, the fleets of landing boats, the uncanny amphibious tank that swims out of the sea and climbs up the side of a mountain, spitting death, and the slowly advancing ranks of marines, who know how to use machine-guns.

Yes, we can make them behave. We have the things. And a goodly group of editors and publishers is now fully equipped to deliver lectures and write editorials urging that the naval arm, with its marine fist, be strengthened by larger appropriations. The voyage of the Henderson was a success.

## Light Sleep

By HAZEL HALL

Women who sing themselves to sleep  
Lie with their hands at rest,  
Locked over them night-long as though to keep  
Music against their breast.

They who have feared the night and lain  
Mumbling themselves to peace  
Sleep a light sleep lest they forget the strain  
That brings them their release.

They dream, who hold beneath the hand  
A crumpled shape of song,  
Of trembling sound they do not understand,  
Yet love the whole night long.

Women who sing themselves to sleep  
Must lie in fear till day,  
Clasping an amulet of words to keep  
The leaning dark away.



## Third Party Chances

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

### II. 1923, Now—and After

IT is a fashionable liberal fallacy that the Russian Revolution has had no influence on American labor. This is like saying that the German Reformation has had no influence on the High Church of England because it still is more Catholic than Protestant. The Russian experience has profoundly affected the entire international labor movement, though probably least of all our own. For us its idealism is too utopian and its ideology too foreign. In the economic field it has, to my mind, done more harm than good by swallowing a hopeful development toward industrial unionism. But as we look back upon the year 1923 it is clear that it has served, at least to some degree, to frighten into greater activity the counter-reformation in organized labor toward political action.

It was at the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action in December, 1922, that the pre-war radical and conventionally progressive forces in American labor first brushed up against this new left-wing movement in the political field. This wing split from the old Socialist Party in 1919. The historic but unsuccessful efforts of the Socialist Party have always been to force American labor into politics. And on this central issue it maintained itself as the official opposition in the parliamentary proceedings of American labor under one name or another for almost forty years. In 1919 the lightening of the Russian revolution, after it had deeply scorched European labor, finally reached our Socialist Party. The communist section ran away with most of the membership, reducing the old party to its organizational skeleton. But the Palmer raids soon after forced the communists into the catacombs of American labor, where during the next three years they led a necessarily miasmatic life.

But finally, in December, 1921, the impending Michigan anti-syndicalist trials smoked them out under the name of the Workers Party. Since then the Workers Party has been able to swallow most of the radical sects which have been freckling the left wing of labor since the war. Today it issues the *Daily Worker*, the weekly *Voice of Labor*, the monthly *Liberator*, and several allied publications. It has about 20,000 members, of whom between 5 to 10 per cent are English speaking. And, of course, it is affiliated with the Third International for exactly the same reasons that the American Rotarians are affiliated with the International Rotary.

The leaders of the Workers Party are on the whole quite commonplace, with the possible exception of William Z. Foster, who did not join the party openly until last July. Foster is one of the most projective and impatient propagandists in our labor movement and probably the ablest pamphleteer in its entire history. His knowledge of labor history and tactics is enormous and, sieved through his temper, gives to his mind an exaggeratedly Hegelian slant in which every bit of fact and fancy goes toward the molding of the labor New Atlantis. He has the rare gift of reducing complicated movements into simple and dramatic

logic, without too much loss, but with that curious touch of unreality which is the main characteristic of those who would apply strict logic to society.

The national secretary of the party is Charles E. Ruthenberg. Athletic, well groomed, a fine and sincere speaker in the socialist and revolutionary vernacular, he makes an impressive figure on the proletarian platform. But somehow after the first few minutes the Trotzky spell clears into an attractive average American who in 1919 was advertising the social revolution and today is advertising a third-party movement. James P. Cannon, the national chairman, is a kindly and honest man, radical by nature, not by sophistication. J. Louis Engdahl, one of the editors of the *Daily Worker*, is much the same. William F. Dunne, in whose lone person bolshevism was officially outlawed at the last A. F. of L. convention, is a typical American left-wing trade unionist, with the courage of a prize-fighter rather than a fanatic. He is co-editor with Mr. Engdahl of the *Daily Worker*. Robert Minor's really excellent drawings of the pettiest radical meeting as the first rumblings of the Great Spartacan Revolt make one regret the loss of a good cartoonist in an artless man. And finally there is John Pepper, whose experience has been in the European revolutionary movement, a rather bigoted and embittered journalist, with an enormous "analytical" output on American labor, in which he betrays a capacity for fantastic misinterpretation which takes away the breath even of his comrades.

But in spite of the rather mediocre leadership and imported ideology the Workers Party has had something to do with hastening our labor movement into political action. It has driven the progressives in American labor toward the conservatives, with the result that both of them are now shifting to the left to meet this radical attack with a counter-reformation. It is in this sense, and in this sense only, that the New Radicalism is significant.

Now, no radical group can break directly into the conservative front of any movement. Accordingly the Workers Party is organized as a narrow, sharp, and jesuitically disciplined organization which is trying to bore its way into the progressive forces of the labor movement. And its first attempt was to break into the Cleveland Conference.

This conference met soon after the progressive victories in the congressional and gubernatorial elections of November, 1922, whose character its forces had helped to determine to some degree, especially in the Middle West and the Northwest. It met in a spirit of elation, resolved to carry on its Chicago program of militant nonpartisanship. It is this spirit of militancy which distinguishes the Johnston from the Gompers policy. The dominating group in this conference were the railroad brotherhoods, flanked on the left by the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties and on the right by the miners and the other international unions. The central motive of the railroad men was to prepare the ground far enough in advance for La Follette in 1924, with McAdoo as a second choice. (McAdoo developed into their first choice only in 1923.) They had no intention whatever of conceiving a third party. They were just getting established as a political household. And they

meant to use political birth control; some day, possibly, a third party might see the light of day—when they could afford it.

Needless to say, the Workers Party was an uninvited guest and was quickly railroaded out. Mr. Johnston, the chairman of the conference, is still too much imbued with his Salvation Army past to give anybody the bum's rush personally. So Edward Keating, former Congressman from Colorado and now editor of *Labor*, practically the official organ of the conference, acted as the strong man. His language somewhat irritated Morris Hillquit, a great stickler for etiquette, who tried to smooth over the unpleasant incident with an impassioned plea for political prisoners, for nationalization of public utilities, and against the abuse of the injunction.

Hillquit is the physician-in-charge of the invalided Socialist Party. From 1919 to 1922 the Socialist Party was really bed-ridden. And Mr. Hillquit's perfect bedside manner had a great deal to do with overcoming its nervous breakdown sufficiently to enable it to take part in the Chicago, Cleveland, and finally St. Louis conferences. Today the party is doing rather nicely. Probably it will never again regain its strength of 1912. Its enmity to the Workers Party is fully as bitter as the inter-socialist feuds in Europe. Still, of late, there are indications that the Socialist Party will try to assume the brokerage role between the various political factions in labor. This new attitude is largely due to Hillquit's tact and knowledge, to his almost uncanny suppleness of motive and subtlety of intention. He is so delicately agile that it is humanly impossible to trust him implicitly. But his whole career in the Socialist movement bespeaks a very fine honesty of purpose, in the long run, behind all his chess-like moves.

However, even Hillquit's parliamentarian perfection could not remove the impression that the conference meant to do no more than "to punish and reward" on the old bipartisan basis. To the left wing of the conference it seemed obvious that the counter-reformation was still quite Roman and that it had no theses of rebellion against the College of Cardinals in the A. F. of L. The Socialist Party, of course, had to stay in the conference for the same reasons that the Franciscans had to stay in the church. But the Farmer-Labor Party soon withdrew. It was through with political continence. And early in 1923 John Fitzpatrick, the chairman of the party, issued a call for all good rebels to meet the following July in Chicago. The Workers Party was among those invited.

Whom the gods would partially destroy they first make foolhardy. Fitzpatrick should have known the first law of political pigmentation: in a red-tinted convention power gravitates to the crimsons and not the pinks. Fitzpatrick as a big office-holding trade unionist could not possibly head a red political movement. In July, 1920, Mr. Hopkins delivered the Committee of 48 to the then Labor Party under Fitzpatrick's leadership. Almost exactly three years later, in the very same hall, Fitzpatrick handed the Farmer-Labor Party over to the Workers Party.

The Workers Party wanted to enter the labor movement. It could not get into its orthodox wing. It could not even get into its modernist wing. So the next best thing was to organize the heterodox odds and ends. Heterodoxy is a shade better than heresy. And by last July the Workers Party was thoroughly converted to opportunism. The platform it suggested was, in fact, less radical than the pro-

gram of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. But somehow through all their orchestrations there ran the red laugh of the revolutionary saxophone, subtly teasing the proletarian emotions, intriguing or provoking through its sheer elusiveness. The press caught and magnified this strain to the tune of the red flag. Fitzpatrick, Brophy, Kutz—all the other responsible trade unionists—had to bolt, but they could no more than limp off. The Farmer-Labor parties of Washington, Ohio, and Kentucky went with the rest of the convention, which formed the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The enemies of the new party proclaimed it a paper organization, which was largely true. The Workers Party did not create a real political movement, it did gain an American complexion. It became incorporated as an American third party. And though papers of incorporation are mere fictions, they are useful. William Bouck, prominent for a quarter of a century as a "dirt farmer" in the State of Washington, became the new party's chairman. Bouck knows little about the winds of doctrine in the Third International and cares even less. But he is symptomatic of far Western unrest much in the same way that Magnus Johnson has been for over twenty years in Minnesota. Johnson was elected to join Shipstead in the United States Senate, thereby lifting the whole third-party movement into national politics. And while Johnston of the Conference for Progressive Political Action is not on speaking terms with Ruthenberg, Johnson of the United States Senate is on speaking terms with Bouck.

Probably no one exulted more in the victory of the Workers Party at Chicago than Samuel Gompers. His age-long theory received its most dramatic vindication. Miraculously, John Fitzpatrick, Nockels, Brophy turned into prodigal sons. I interviewed Mr. Gompers soon after the convention. Boys will be boys, seemed to be his attitude. He was almost in a chuckling mood, in so far as such a fiery personality ever chuckles. Besides, Gompers appreciated that in Chicago the Workers Party also swallowed Foster and his Trade Union Educational League, thus practically nullifying the "inner" drive toward industrial unionism. And he also appreciated that the Chicago fiasco was bound to push the Conference for Progressive Political Action somewhat to the right, thereby enabling him to meet it half way and to put himself into an attitude of a subtly more benevolent neutrality toward the political unrest of labor.

During the next half year the Conference for Progressive Political Action vigorously carried on its organization throughout the country. It started local and State conferences in New York, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Ohio, throughout the Mississippi Valley, in the Far West. Almost everywhere it encountered the active opposition of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party but without much hurt. The radicals can hurt the conference only when it loafs, not when it works, for it comprises about half of the organized labor movement. And so the conference threw itself into this educational organization work, ably aided by its Socialist wing in the industrial East, by the populist movement in the Northwest and Middle West and even in the Southwest, by the railroad brotherhoods, and—to a lesser degree—by the miners everywhere. The conference was laying its foundations rapidly and well. At the Portland convention of the A. F. of L. there was, of course, the traditional plank against independent political action. But though the



Conference for Progressive Political Action is rapidly developing into a third-party movement, the Gompers machine is by no means fighting it.

On November 15 and 16 last a conference of practically all the third-party groups outside the Conference for Progressive Political Action met in St. Paul under the auspices of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. The Wisconsin, North Dakota, and California Nonpartisan Leagues, the Farmer-Labor parties of Washington, Montana, Idaho, and South Dakota, the Progressive parties of Pennsylvania and New York were present. The irrepressible Mr. Hopkins resurrected the Committee of 48 for the occasion. And, most significantly, John Fitzpatrick and Jay G. Brown of the National Farmer-Labor Party were there along with William Bouck and Joseph Manly of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The St. Paul meeting adopted almost entirely the program of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. The prestige of its two absent United States senators hovered over all proceedings. And when an enthusiastic radical delegate started to berate the Conference for Progressive Political Action she was immediately squelched, for Shipstead and Magnus Johnson are very grateful to the conference for its aid in their election. The assembled delegates then passed a resolution urging "the National Conference for Progressive Political Action to support . . . the efforts of established farmer-labor organizations whose economic aims are its aims in preference to giving support to either of the old-party organizations." And they decided to reconvene in one of the Twin Cities on June 17 next in a presidential nominating convention. The semi-official labor organs of the Conference for Progressive Political Action reported the St. Paul meeting very fairly, almost favorably. At the time it seemed as though there was a drift toward a united front of all the implicit and avowed third-party groupings in American labor and populism. But since then the oil scandal has given a somewhat different direction to this drift.

But before we go into the effect of this scandal on the political labor movement we must mention the third national convention of the Workers Party, which met in Chicago on the last day of 1923. A very interesting subdued struggle ensued there between Foster and Pepper. Foster, with the support of Ruthenberg, wishes the party to become an ever more indigenous part of the American labor movement, which would enable it to participate wholeheartedly in just such conferences as the St. Paul meeting. Pepper, whose experience in American labor is only a little over one year old and whose knowledge of it is practically nil, thinks much more in terms of the Communist International. The Third International is still, of course, the sacred cow of the Workers Party and its greetings were received with religious fervor. But not every day is Red Sunday, and American labor works during the week. The Foster tendency won out by electing William F. Dunne to the National Executive Committee, which now is almost as all-American as the average football team, though the bleachers are still crowded with foreign-speaking workers. But, then, it is well to remember that the percentage of foreign-speaking men and women is higher in the American labor movement than at the Harvard-Yale game.

Then came the oil scandal. The oil scandal has suddenly tremendously increased the immediate third-party chances of the Conference for Progressive Political Action and of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party and its contig-

uous influences. Senator La Follette is now very seriously considering running on a third-party ticket.

Senator La Follette would not and could not run on a reform ticket. He would have to run on a Farmer-Labor ticket of some sort. Under these circumstances his own Wisconsin organization, the Conference for Progressive Political Action, and the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party with its extensions in the Northwestern States will form the nuclei of this new party, with the general liberal, progressive, and protest vote as protoplasm. This raises the Conference for Progressive Political Action and the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party to heights of respectable responsibility whence they can easily ignore the motley left-wing groups whose support, to their mind, La Follette must eschew.

With these new hopes the Conference for Progressive Political Action held its third meeting in St. Louis on February 11 and 12. It reaffirmed its Chicago and Cleveland programs, only with far greater confidence and zest. The world has changed considerably since its Cleveland meeting. Russia has moved so far toward the right that the Workers Party is practically nothing but a corresponding member of the Third International, and it is trying hard to become Americanized. This does not mean that the big labor leaders do not thoroughly distrust the radicals; but, I believe, it is fair to say that—at least in the political field—they fear them now less than at any time within the last two years. What supplied the spiritual leaven to the St. Louis conference was the rise of British Labor into power; and a really nauseating disgust with the hopeless incompetence and corruption of the two old parties. Following a stirring preamble, the conference added to its Cleveland program a demand for the retention of surtaxes and the restoration of the excess-profits tax; for the taxation of stock dividends and undistributed profits; for the absolute public ownership of all water-power, railroads, coal mines, and natural resources; for the abolition of imprisonment for "contempt" of court without jury trial; for the Norris-Sinclair bill which would eliminate the middle man in farm marketing; and for a referendum on any proposed war.

So far the conference has been nonpartisan partly on account of the natural conservatism of the leaders, but even more so because during 1923 the railroad brotherhoods were marking time for McAdoo. With the apparent collapse of the McAdoo boom, the entire conference instinctively veered in the direction of a third party and toward the possible candidacy of La Follette. For a few hours the leaders of the big international unions wavered. But finally, under the brilliant and persuasive pressure of Morris Hillquit, the conference voted unanimously to hold a national convention July 4 next in Cleveland, "for the purpose of taking action on the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President." And so at last, after forty years of struggle, the most important international unions which control our labor movement have come out for independent political action, for we must not forget that the Conference for Progressive Political Action officially represents about half of all organized labor in this country, and its more strategic half at that.

There is no doubt that we stand today at the threshold of a political labor movement which is slowly gathering around itself all the progressive forces of American society—much as was the case in Great Britain at the beginning of the century.



# Winds of the West

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SO as I wandered in the West, in Illinois and in Wisconsin, a few straws hit me in the eye and I herewith offer them to the scrutiny of wiser meteorologists who may say what winds they indicate or portend.

"Milwaukee is radical." "It has a Socialist mayor." "He has just been reelected by a triumphant margin over a coalition combination candidate of the other two parties."

Is that a straw? No, it is only dust. The straw is as follows:

Daniel Webster Hoan, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, was reelected by a triumphant margin consisting largely of church people and of home-loving, home-keeping women who wanted a clean town and who objected to the so-called conservative candidate, ex-Mayor David S. Rose, because his record was one of favoring an open, loose town.

Rose was for the American flag and the gay life. Hoan was for socialism and the home. Hoan won. Query: Was it a victory for municipalization or for matrimony?

Straw: There is much matrimony in Milwaukee under Mayor Hoan and little municipalization.

The voters of Milwaukee, while reelecting Mr. Hoan, gave him a non-Socialist majority in the city council and also a non-Socialist majority in his own administrative cabinet.

Simultaneously and somewhat similarly, while they eagerly voted large issues of bonds for such standard conventional projects as a playground system and a civic center, they were sharply and closely divided on the mildly novel and tamely socialistic project of a "municipal repair shop."

Many Catholic priests were for Hoan, the Socialist, because of being for morality, public and private. Hoan himself attributed his victory not to Karl Marx but to "the women."

Marriage banns announced in Milwaukee:

1. Karl Marx and the home.
2. Flag-waving and joy-riding.

Hoan was accused of being against the flag. Straw: Milwaukee went for decency with or without the flag.

Kipling has a phrase: "jelly-bellied flag-flapper." Query: Can it be that the jelly-bellied flag-flappers are losing their grip a bit—here and there—in American politics?

"Wisconsin is radical and unsafe for business, and business is leaving Wisconsin."

So they say, when they don't care what they say and are only talking through their hats as well as sniveling through their noses and crying into their port-wine sangarees at Havana while contemplating the ruin of a country which still can afford to give them these sunny trips to Havana.

Turning, though, from snivels to straws, behold:

The corporation taxes in Wisconsin, based on capitalization, were not raised in 1923 but they nevertheless in 1923 yielded 10 per cent more revenue than in 1922. Incorporated capital in Wisconsin is not going down. It is going up.

A large motor-car manufacturer transferred himself some years ago from Michigan to Wisconsin and has recently transferred the work of a certain motor-car plant from Indiana to Wisconsin. The State debt of Wisconsin is only eighty cents per capita.

Query: Will some voters turn away from La Folletteism when they clearly and bitterly perceive that La Folletteism in fact is *not* destructive to business?

The voters of Wisconsin voted last week overwhelmingly for La Follette delegates to the Republican National Convention; and as these words are being written it is doubtful if the Old Guard can carry for Coolidge even the one congressional district which four years ago it carried half and half for Lowden and for Wood.

A large straw: The State which likes La Folletteism most, and more and more, is the State which has known him longest and deepest.

The railroad workers in Wisconsin were all set to go into the Democratic primaries and help William Gibbs McAdoo presidentially against Al Smith. Then the La Follette people beckoned and whistled to them for help to give "Bob" a big vote; and thereupon in hordes they forgot McAdoo and went into the Republican primaries for "Bob's" sake.

With these railroad workers McAdoo is a hero but "Bob" is God.

Without "Bob" to distract the railroad workers in Wisconsin from the Democratic to the Republican primaries, McAdoo would have defeated Al Smith crushingly, although being "dry" is no passport to a victory in Wisconsin.

McAdoo's enemies in Wisconsin derided him as the "oil and water" candidate. It is the conviction of this writer that the water hurt him much more than the oil. It is further the conviction of this writer that the oil hurt McAdoo hardly at all. His enemies realized that fact. They did not lay much stress on his employment by Mr. Doheny. They concentrated on his being "dry," while much of eastern Wisconsin is "wet."

In Illinois an extremely high Democrat said to this writer: "I wish those investigations in Washington would stop. When we had proved a few leading Republicans guilty, we were sitting pretty. Now when we are proving everybody in the world guilty, the public is beginning to say: 'Oh, they're all alike. Bring on the good old straight ticket, either way, of our forefathers.'"

Three distinguished politicians of Chicago, who have made enormous sums of money out of politics, rollicked into a political club in Chicago the other night swaying arm in arm and gleefully singing a beautiful refrain entitled: "We are the three Must-Get-Theirs." They are not hated. They are liked.

Suggested generalization:

If political money-making hurts the voters in their homes and businesses, they will ultimately rally against it. If it does not hurt them in their homes and businesses but only in their theories and principles, they tend to view it in practice with indifference.

Supporting straws:

The famous Nat Goldstein of St. Louis, who was nationally and almost internationally charged with taking money for being a Lowden delegate in the last Republican national convention, was thereupon triumphantly returned to the St. Louis central Republican committee by his neighbors.

The famous Governor Small of Illinois, whom for years the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune* have proved guilty of all sorts of minglings of politics and personal profits, has proved himself one of the most difficult

men to defeat in all Illinois political history. People rally to Small and say he is being persecuted.

Query: Will McAdoo be more hurt by oil, or will he be more helped by the "persecution" which in the name of oil he is receiving from "the predatory interests"?

Straws that passed in the night:

McAdoo's train comes into a junction point. There is a round-house. It is learned that McAdoo is on the train. There comes for him a salvo of welcoming locomotive whistles in shrieking deafening unison. And so at the next point. And so at the next one. And the next.

## The New Irish Crisis

By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

*(Following the events described by Mr. Jewell in this article, the Irish Free State Government dismissed the Army Council and President Cosgrave assumed the office of Minister of Defense vacated by the resignation of General Mulcahy. The day after the cabinet changes were announced the outrage at Queenstown took place, in which British soldiers were attacked by men dressed in the uniform of Irish army officers. The incident was instantly disavowed and deplored by the Government; no connection has been made between the attack and the previous mutiny, although someone in the attacking party is rumored to have called "Up Tobin" as it drove off.)*

Dublin, March 20

FOR the first time in ten years St. Patrick's Day passes "without incident." The columns of the local press are full of cheering words. "Hope has attained realization." "When we compare today's conditions with those of two years ago, we can thank God and take courage." "Law and order will prevail once more throughout the land." The Free State, one apprehends, is at last on the highroad to stability and enduring peace—peace internal and with all the world. There is rejoicing in Ireland. But there is also gloom in Ireland. For St. Patrick's Day, however authentic the optimism, finds the nation plunged in one of the tensest crises of its existence.

Troubles in a national army are ugly issues at best; when they involve the legislative and executive organism of the state as well they assume proportions of real alarm. Such a situation exists today in Ireland. All is shrouded in mystery, which stimulates infinite speculation before domestic hearths. No one knows what is happening behind the scenes.

It began, ten days ago, with news of an army revolt, peddled more or less wildly in extras cried about the streets. Two officers high in the army—Major General Liam Tobin, formerly aide-de-camp to the Governor General, and Colonel Charles Dalton—had "absconded," dispatching, upon the flying heels of departure none knew whither, an "ultimatum" to the Government. In this document the Executive Council, of which Mr. Cosgrave is President, was denounced for failure to interpret the treaty with England in a manner acceptable to the people of Ireland. "The I. R. A. (Irish Republican Army) only accepted the treaty," these officers declared, "as a means of achieving its objects, namely, to secure and maintain a republican form of government in this country." It was their considered opinion that the present Government had not these objects in view.

"Our interpretation of the treaty was that expressed by the late commander-in-chief, General Michael Collins, when he stated: 'I have taken an oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, and that oath I will keep, treaty or no treaty.'"

Nor, it speedily came to light, were General Tobin and Colonel Dalton alone in their gesture of defiance. Scores of officers and men in all parts of the Free State had simultaneously revolted. Considerable quantities of arms and ammunition disappeared. Bulletins poured in from Templemore, Baldonnell, Roscommon, Clonmel, from Waterford, Kerry, Gorey, and Cork all concerned with armed flights and resignations.

The Dail met. The Dail is the Free State House of Deputies, in which each minister, and the President, has a voice. It was the most rigid moment since the defeat of the Republican rebellion in 1922. The army—or rather, an element of ungauged strength within it—had risen, flinging a gauntlet. Critical if viewed as a serious political cleavage in the ranks, it was yet more critical if viewed as an attempt to "involve the army in a challenge to the authority of the Government." From President Cosgrave down, all admitted the issue acute. Proceedings in the Dail, however, while a breathless gallery watched and the benches of the press were packed, seemed curious indeed.

It became apparent that though orders for the arrest of the officers had been published and earnest efforts were being made to bring army conditions back to normal, action of the Executive Council was instinct with concealed moves. It was imbued with a caution which both puzzled and dismayed. The "ultimatum" was read aloud by President Cosgrave, who, looking up from the page when he had finished, remarked:

Deputies will agree that this constitutes a challenge which no government could ignore without violating the trust conferred on it. I do not propose to discuss any political point connected with the document. I consider that in the circumstances such a discussion would be indefensible, and I may say that this Government has never discussed questions of politics with army officers. The necessary administrative and disciplinary steps will be taken.

But with this terse smoothness many of the deputies revealed dissatisfaction. It had been announced that the matter would not be threshed out in open Dail debate, but would be investigated by a cabinet committee. A murmur of objection ran round the hall. It meant more "secret diplomacy"; let all the cards of the Executive Council be spread upon the table.



Then as answer came a startling new development. Deputy Joseph McGrath, Minister for Industry and Commerce, arose and tendered his resignation from the council. This course, he explained, was not based upon the challenge proceeding from General Tobin and Colonel Dalton, with which he professed to be not in sympathy; it was based on his conviction that there had been "bungling, mishandling, and incompetence on the part of a department of this state." No minister was directly named, but all eyes turned toward General Mulcahy, Minister for Defense. Doubt did not exist anywhere that it was General Mulcahy's department to which the resigning Minister referred. What had, an hour ago, been an army crisis became in a flash a cabinet crisis. Now one understood why an armed "conspiracy" had not been met by a solid flank in the Dail. The Dail itself was in confusion. One knew less than before what the dilemma boded.

Discussion upon the floor of the Dail was smothered. The matter went to committee over the protest of deputies like Mr. Darrell Figgis, who stood for immediate, uncompromising grapple with the facts. If there was dirty linen to wash, it ought to be washed on the front doorstep.

Meanwhile, a second epistle mysteriously arrived from the two leaders of the "conspiracy." In it they explained that their "ultimatum" was not intended to be construed as a challenge to "the Government and the representatives of the people"; it sought only to call attention to "what we consider a serious menace to the proper administration of the army." This, to some extent, put the revolt in a less alarming light. "Absconsion" (the word was coined by Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs) depended, everyone perceived, upon the recent reorganization of the army, involving wholesale demobilization. From a force numbering at its maximum about 55,000 men, the army of the Free State had been cut down to something like 18,000—for purposes of easing the budget. Nine hundred officers had been let out, while the rank of many who remained was reduced. This had the effect of adding a fresh battalion to the already formidable army of civilian unemployed. Discontent is rife—augmented by the fact that the present personnel of the army includes a good many ex-British army officers. So that—this at any rate is the prevailing Free State interpretation—there has been less surging to the banners of Republicanism, less out-and-out revolt against the Government's interpretation of the treaty, than protest against demobilization. At a stroke, however, the graveness of the cabinet crisis was increased, the "conspiracy" assuming an aspect of side-issue.

Yesterday, March 19, the Government approached a breaking-point. The night before there occurred a tragicomic raid on a house in Parnell Street, where the I. R. A. Council was thought to be sitting. General Mulcahy, hoping to effect the capture of General Tobin and Colonel Dalton, lay siege to the premises. Troops arrived on the scene early in the evening. The place was surrounded; pedestrians were kept out of the fighting zone; tram cars were allowed to go through the block, but might not stop; a few shots were fired. It was a taste of the old days—days which Dublin does not long to see revived. There were amusing incidents, one so characteristic of the war-weary apathy existing here that it bears repeating:

The ground floor of the encircled building was occupied by a public house. At one stage of the proceedings a man dashed toward the door and was halted by a soldier.

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"A drink," was the laconic reply.

"Don't you know you're liable to be shot if you go in there?"

"I'll risk it," the man said. "I want a drink."

Meantime Mr. Joseph McGrath, resigned Minister for Industries and Commerce, had learned about the swoop and rushed to Parnell Street. He considered the raid fresh evidence of "bungling and mishandling"; he questioned General Mulcahy's authority. It cannot but strike an outsider as odd that a resigned Minister for Industry and Commerce should dash up in the middle of the night to take part in a military action; but Mr. McGrath was satisfied, he said, that "the sole object of the raid was to create trouble"; and, anyhow, such is official life in Dublin.

When the house was finally entered it was found to be empty. An open window at the top testified to the probable escape over the roofs of General Tobin and Colonel Dalton. Nine or ten arrests were subsequently made, and in the small hours of the morning the street was allowed to slumber.

Today—the 20th—in the Dail, discord reaches a focus. The air is electric with political cross-purposes. Again the gallery is thronged with citizens seeking some tangible knowledge of what is happening to Ireland. All the deputies are in their places; one seat alone is vacant: that of President Cosgrave, who has taken to his home under urgent doctor's orders. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs, states that General O'Duffy, recently appointed O. C. of the army, has been given the additional title of Inspector General, which means that he is now in complete command of the military. The resignation of three officers functioning under General Mulcahy has been requested. General Mulcahy is himself taking leave of the Council—the second cabinet resignation within a week.

Mulcahy is next on his feet, vouching for the absolute loyalty of the army as a whole, but stating that he finds his position intolerable. "I cannot condone mutiny."

Implications are the order of the day. Ministers are repeatedly hinting: "If I chose to tell all I know . . ." Mr. McGrath arises and delivers a fiery address, referring to a raid staged last week on his own house in the interests of learning whether the two "absconding" officers were hidden there. By this time spectators are prepared for almost anything. Nerves are on edge. The crisis promises, moment by moment, to escape bounds, bringing the Free State crashing down. When, like a ray of beneficent sunshine, the soft voice of the Dail's peace-maker, Major Bryan Cooper, is heard. Steady, steady, this voice urges. The state is in peril. Let nothing be done in hatred or in haste. "Let us wait until tomorrow."

So until tomorrow it is. And the Dail adjourns. And armed lorries are seen in the streets, as they have been seen since the beginning of the trouble. Sentries guard the government buildings and the Bank of Ireland. And by every hearthside the debate goes on, perplexity weaving back and forth, in and out, anxiety mixed with that heart-touching stoicism born of long years during which each tomorrow has been, in one way or another, problematical.

*An article on Russia, The Trial of a Communist Bank President, by William Henry Chamberlin, will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Nation.*

## Carol: New Style

*Dedicated to Certain Worthy Theological  
Controversialists*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

*If Jesus Christ should come again  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
To study the hearts of righteous men,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?*

The first one said, as he passed by,  
As he passed by, as he passed by:  
"I see three thieves a-hanging high,  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

The second one said: "What sinful men!  
What sinful men, what sinful men!  
Hanging is too good for them,  
On Christmas Day in the morning!"

The third one said: "Oh stay your word,  
Stay your word, oh stay your word.  
Do you not see that one's the Lord,  
This Christmas Day in the morning?"

"I know Him by His weary head,  
His weary head, His weary head."  
Whereat they all fell sore adread,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"How sad this is we all avow,  
Yes, indeed, we all avow!  
But what shall we do about it now,  
This Christmas Day in the morning?"

*Primus:*

"I'll run away as fast as I may,  
As fast as I may, as fast as I may,  
And pretend I haven't been out all day,  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

*Secundus:*

"I'll buy Him a shroud that's spick and span,  
Spick and span, spick and span,  
For I was always a generous man,  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

*Tertius:*

"But what if we should cut Him down,  
Cut Him down, cut Him down?"

*Primus et Secundus:*

"You fool, do you want to arouse the town,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?"

"My speech was rash," the third one said,  
The third one said, the third one said.  
"We're surer of God when we know He's dead  
On any day in the morning."

They knelt in the snow and prayed and bowed,  
Prayed and bowed, prayed and bowed.  
And the two dead thieves laughed out aloud  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

*As Jesus Christ was hanging high,  
Hanging high, hanging high,  
He saw three Christians passing by,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

## In the Driftway

MANY years ago the Drifter, with certain of his companions, used to while away some of his leisure hours at playing "school"—possibly on the theory that voluntary pain is almost pleasure. As he remembers these ventures into education, they were rigidly conventional and dour; the teacher issued orders to the pupils in a stern voice and if he was not instantly obeyed he beat them with a stick, provided they remained within beating distance; suggestions from bright pupils as to what they should do next were not received in good part by their mentor. In other words, the Drifter and his associates believed in education in the old-fashioned way—which is only another way of saying that they had never heard of a certain school in Mexico City.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter is indebted to Mr. Frank Tannenbaum and the *Century Magazine* for the account of what they, and he, call the Miracle School. The school was started by one courageous man in the middle of one of the worst quarters in the city, a haven for cutthroats and bandits; no one had ever thought of establishing a school there, or of collecting taxes there, or of carting away refuse, or performing any other civic functions. The citizens were supposed to be beyond redemption or the wish for it; let them go their own evil ways, and rear their children in them, said the civic authorities—until the school was started. Mr. Tannenbaum tells a naive and captivating story of the school's beginnings in an old beer garden destroyed by a revolution:

... the walls and the ceilings were on the floor. The teacher called the children together and said, "Let us make a school." They did. The first thing to do was to clean the place up and reconstruct it. The teacher showed them how to do it. He picked up a stone and began to carry it out. The children did the same. There was no organization. There was no telling this child to do this and this child to do that. The children knew the place had to be reconstructed and every child did what he could or would. ... They sat down when they were tired and worked when they felt like it. ... All the children in the neighborhood heard of the great enterprise, and many came to share in it, because it was a happy one. ...

This sort of haphazard work, so decried by the exponents of formal education, actually brought results. The building was cleaned out, and the walls and ceiling put back into their proper place. But the children had tasted blood—nothing but another world to conquer would suit them:

When all the dirt had been taken out of the inside of the school, they began to clean up the outside of the school, and gradually followed the dirt into the streets of the neighborhood. Those streets had never seen a broom from the days of creation, and the first appearance of little chil-



dren sweeping them startled the neighborhood. Occasionally, one might now see an older man sweeping the streets with the children, attempting to discover the secret that made the children so playful and happy at their task. . . .

It was all so easy; one tower after another fell before the conquering arrows of the young: the streets being swept, it became necessary for the sweepings to disappear—a parade of the children brought the Street Cleaning Department to their doors. When clean ground appeared under the piles of rubbish in the schoolyard it seemed a pity to let it lie idle, so the children planted vegetable gardens and worked them; the strips of soil in front of the school building were filled with flowers and shrubs.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE children, while not neglecting the more aesthetic aspects of their surroundings, did not forget either that one should improve one's own appearance as well. Washing, unknown among their elders, became furiously popular; morning inspection, with a young and severe inspector, precedes breakfast; breakfast itself, prepared by young cooks, is followed by a grand cleaning-up. The school-day is a long one, but the children make it so themselves. There is so much to do—and, incidentally, so much to learn. It is at this point that the Drifter begins to hear the chorus of tried and true educators such as he exemplified so well in his youth. "This is all very well," they shout belligerently, "but what really do they learn besides sweeping and face-washing? Have they a spare hour—" this with heavy sarcasm—"for the three R's or any similar subjects hitherto considered essential to an elementary education?" The children would answer scornfully, he knows, but the Drifter, grown patient with age, is willing to explain. The young gardeners sell the produce they raise; how shall they know a fair price or a reasonable profit if they have not mastered arithmetic? Before they are given their land, which they own outright, they must be able to read the deed, and even before that they must send in a written request for their patch. Writing and reading become part of their curriculum because they have need for them. It becomes necessary to keep their savings safe, and the creation of a bank and a young banker lays the foundations for the study of economics. And so it goes: they learn because they must, and they must not because someone tells them they must.

\* \* \* \* \*

WELL, the Drifter does not mind saying that he would like to attend this Mexican school. Failing that, he might almost decide to become a teacher there, not in order to teach the children but to learn from them. And since it seems hardly possible that he could desire to remain in one place long enough to find out all that the children can evidently teach, he wishes for moderate riches with which to make a gift that will enable other teachers to go there. For the nine hundred children have long overtaxed their first teacher; their needs are growing daily; there are a thousand things they must find out at once. They must learn about baking and printing and carpentry and sewing, and just now they have no one to teach them these things. But the Drifter is not greatly worried. Energy like theirs can hardly fail to achieve its desires, partly through its own fierce efforts and partly through the enthusiasm it kindles in others, even in hardened old educators like

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence Muscle Shoals—Sold

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Hard tells us about Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals; he quotes Senator Norris on the subject, and closes with the remark that it would be an impertinence to add anything. But I think there is something to be added both to what Mr. Hard and Senator Norris have said; I think the story is not complete until it is explained:

1. Henry Ford said to the bosses of the bipartisan capitalist political machine: If you don't give me Muscle Shoals on my terms, I will run for President and sweep the country and kick you all out.

2. The bosses said: For heaven's sake, don't!

3. Henry Ford spent an hour with Cal Coolidge, and immediately afterwards announced that he was not a candidate for President, and that the American people were fortunate to have so great a President as Coolidge.

4. The bipartisan capitalist political machine is now engaged in delivering Muscle Shoals on Henry Ford's terms, and nothing that you or I or Senator Norris or William Hard can say is going to make any difference.

5. America is moving with the speed of a hurricane straight to that social revolution in which it is not going to make the smallest particle of difference what price Henry Ford agreed to pay for Muscle Shoals or what price he didn't agree not to charge for fertilizer.

Pasadena, California, March 25

UPTON SINCLAIR

## The Paris Correspondents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I comment on Lewis Gannett's reference to the Paris correspondents in his interesting article on the Secret Corruption of the French Press, in your issue of February 6? The venality of the French press is hardly news. It was no more a subject for cablegrams to American newspapers than *l'Humanité's* weather forecasts. Mr. Gannett's inferences in his last paragraph therefore seem to me wholly unwarranted. He wonders whether "the achievement or hope of that bit of red ribbon (the Legion of Honor) has anything to do with the strange fact that these men who send daily cables to their American papers have not noticed the amazing news printed by *l'Humanité*." Even by inference it is a serious matter to attack the honesty and sincerity of one's fellow-craftsmen. I happen to be one of the American journalists who wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The others who wear it are well known in the craft. Nothing that any one of them has ever written or refrained from writing justifies Mr. Gannett's slur.

As fearless and impartial writers, constantly confronted with delicate conditions and working in a superheated atmosphere, the American correspondents in France are a credit to any country and to any craft. Since 1914 they have had a hard row to hoe. But they have hoed it persistently and successfully. The American public does not realize how much it owes to Paris correspondents. They ask for no credit, and they don't care to be praised. But it is only their due that those who have no facts upon which to base their inferences refrain from doing themselves the very thing they rail so bitterly about in the press, i.e., publishing *suggestio falsi*.

Princeton, New Jersey, March 12

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

[The Paris correspondents must be judged by their work. They failed to report revelations which created a sensation in Paris.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Friends and Foes of Jezebel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Scudder Middleton's Jezebel seems to me to be so good, so poised, so sure that one almost hesitates to applaud.  
*San Francisco, February 28* JAMES RORTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thank you very much for Oswald Garrison Villard's magnificent summing-up of Woodrow Wilson's success and failure. I am from Missouri and he has shown me. I wish some one had performed a like service for the prize poem. Of course it is the very crest and spume of the poetry flood, but if an ignorant old woman from the high-grass country like myself had somehow been slipped into the committee of awards, she might have done as did Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, the son of Nimshi, with the original Jezebel, and ordered it flung out of the window. Ain't culture the grandest thing?

I wish, now, I had burned some midnight oil instead of thinking that I must

... with the sun  
 My daily course of duty run.

*St. Joseph, Missouri, February 25* MARY ALICIA OWEN

## Complexes and Clams

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I had been judge of the contest, Wilbert Snow's Advice to a Clam-Digger would not have received *third* place. The Jezebel and Parable of Paradise play to *The Nation* complex: there is too much nature and reality and health in Mr. Snow's Georgic for you jaded intellectuals. Long life to his poem—to that *type* of poem—and to Wilbert Snow!

*Middletown, Conn., February 25* DOUGLAS HORTON

## Dreams in Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Read this denunciation by the *Arkansas Methodist* and bite the dust!

### GHOULISH TASTE

The prize offered each year by *The Nation* is this time awarded to Scudder Middleton for a poem called Jezebel. The versification is fair. In that respect it is superior to the former prize poems. It is less vulgar, is not so brazenly repulsive as the poem of last year; but it is really a glorification of sinful dreams, and is intended to suggest that we are guilty in sleep of that which awake we do not think. It slanders God and good men. It says "God is hard," and makes men hypocrites, saying, "We have torn off the lying masks we wear, and sown without the fear that we must reap." Either the poems are all so rank that only a rotten one can be selected or the judges have the taste of ghouls. Faugh!

*New York, March 26*

M. T.

## From Clam-Digging Country

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read the Advice to a Clam-Digger for about the fifth time and am moved to write a short note of appreciation. Not being a poet nor even pretending to be a judge of poetry it would be, of course, foolish of me to pass a judgment on it, even if in this case the verdict would be one of the highest praise. But perhaps you would like to know that to some readers, to be exact, everybody that I have spoken to here in the Puget Sound country that reads *The Nation*, it appears that had there been an actual clam-digger on the staff

of judges the honors would have been apportioned differently. But that may be due to the fact that this is a clam-digging country, and we respond to things that are already in some way a part of our Apperceptive Mass (to borrow a term from Wundt—or is it Herbert?). This, in spite of the fact that, here at least, forks and hoes are both equally useless on the clam bed.  
*Seattle, Washington, March 25* GEO. B. VITTER

## Poet's Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I like Miss Taggard's poem. It is a good corollary to her Ice Age poem. Her picture of red lava running over the globe like snakes is uncommonly good; her idea that the world is to be saved from within itself is also sound philosophy; and her diction is altogether brilliant.

*Middletown, Conn., March 1*

WILBERT SNOW

## Whose Library Is It?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The strictly public character of the New York Public Library is legally established beyond doubt, both by virtue of its consolidation agreement and of that with the city of New York, which built for it the central building at an approximate cost, exclusive of the ground owned by the city, of \$9,000,000. According to "Does New York Know New York? Its Library, for Instance," published by the New York Public Library in 1919 and written by E. J. O'Brien, the public catalogue of the library's reference collection "contains a complete record by author and title of every book in the library." And yet what happens? The intelligent and educated citizen, following the library's own suggestion "to go to the information desk on the third floor as the best way to find out about getting the reference department books" ("Facts for the Public," p. 13), and failing to find a book in the public catalogue inquires at the information desk about its existence in the library and receives a negative answer, departs in the belief that the library cannot serve him. It was such an incident that led to my discovery that the library maintains a secret catalogue of perhaps over a thousand book-titles, known as the three-star catalogue, entirely excluded from the public catalogue, containing many important books, known to an extremely small number of readers.

In my capacity as a serious research student I requested, and this repeatedly, that I be permitted access to this catalogue of titles (no access to these book stacks being allowed). My request was curtly refused. The officials said, however, that upon inquiry the existence of the book I wanted would be reported to me and the book read at the delivery desk.

The following inscription, quoted from Thomas Jefferson, exists in the trustees' room: "I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man." But the present directors do not appear to be of Jefferson's mind.

*New York, March 5*

A. S. ZAVITSANOS

## Europe 1919-1924

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is a great age for the feeble-minded. Propaganda and stereotypes are the old enemies of rational opinion. The public is not aware of the danger in which the world finds itself today.

We still hear talk of the disastrous consequences that a conquering Germany would have brought about. This may be true, but let us examine the peaceful world we are living in. France has lost her powerful friends, the English, who are



grinding their teeth at French continental supremacy. Italy is using polite phrases in her notes. Germany is similar to a cow—a dead cow, which is expected to give large quantities of milk. Sixty million people are waiting patiently for an inevitable revenge. France is a poor country, but finds sufficient means to provide other countries with a supply of ammunition, so as to prepare them against any "attack." She is doing exactly what she expected Germany would do to her. Europe is now safe for at least two future wars.

New York, March 14

S. S. FITZ-RANDOLPH

## For Unamuno

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pleasing fancy of our modern civilization that the affairs of our neighbors are not our affairs and that official murder or persecution (while no doubt regrettable) are of minor importance as long as they are being committed across the boundary line.

Upon some few occasions, when atrocities have been a trifle more outrageous than usual, we outraged citizens have shaken an angry finger and have said, "Naughty, naughty!" But our admonitions were invariably followed by a communiqué on the part of the accused Embassy stating that "His Excellency is not aware of the facts mentioned in the letter to your paper. There may of course have been an outbreak against the laws of His Excellency's country, in which case, as all reasonable citizens will understand, it became the duty of the authorities to maintain peace and order."

As the record of the last five hundred years holds out no hope for a different answer from the present Spanish Ambassador, I suggest that we go ahead without further reference to the "regular channels" and take some more direct and practical action of our own which may, to a certain extent, relieve the financial needs of Miguel de Unamuno.

What happened to Unamuno is well known. Although rector of the University of Salamanca and recognized as one of the most brilliant leaders of modern Spanish thought, Unamuno has been exiled to the Canary Islands on account of a letter which he wrote to a colleague in Michigan. This letter was inadvertently copied in an Argentine paper and then appeared in one of Barcelona's gazettes. In this letter Unamuno criticized the personal government of Spain's synthetic dictator, General Primo de Rivera.

This criticism was not unreasonable. It was not even seditious. It was the sort of thing one intelligent man might write to another about some particular donkey, just then in power.

Professor Unamuno was a poor man and as the Government refused to pay the price of his ticket to the Canaries, he is now in a very precarious position. The French authors have already sent a protest to the Spanish Government, which in so far as we can learn has been relegated to the Andalusian ashcan. D'Annunzio (who would hardly be suspected of revolutionary leanings) has started a movement of protest in Italy.

The Spanish Government, remembering what happened after the murder of Ferrer, will hardly dare to shoot Unamuno. He is probably quite safe, but also quite broke.

I would suggest that *The Nation* undertake to administer such funds as we may be able to collect for Unamuno. A few dollars go a long way when translated into pesetas. No doubt the University of Salamanca will be glad to forward such funds to the Canary Islands, which if I am correctly informed produce no oil and are therefore without political significance.

If you will do this, I shall be glad to sell a few of the ducats which my grandpapa stole a couple of centuries ago from one of His Catholic Majesty's obdurate subjects, and shall devote the proceeds of this transaction to the good cause.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, April 6

## National Bureau of Information and Education 15 East Fortieth Street New York, N. Y.

TO READERS OF THE NATION:

As a result of joint conferences held in Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, and elsewhere, it was agreed to call a National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention in the Twin Cities on May 30th next, to nominate new party Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

This Convention is pledged to the Abolition of Special Privilege, and the conferees designated as their platform: (a) public ownership of railroads; (b) control of money and credit by the people, through government and cooperative banks; (c) public control of natural resources; (d) preservation of civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution; (e) prevention of judicial abuses.

We will appreciate your filling in your answers to the questions following and returning to the above headquarters as promptly as possible.

Returns received from *Nation* readers to date are as follows: La Follette 80, Borah 60, Norris 55, Amos R. E. Pinchot 27, Brookhart 25, Wheeler 23, Murdock and Shipstead 15, Frazier 10, Ladd and Walsh 3, Underwood 1, "a Socialist" 1.

FRANK A. PATTISON, Chairman.

### ELECTION QUESTIONNAIRE

1. In view of the admitted corruption, lack of principle, subservience to special privilege, and practical identity of the Republican and Democratic Parties, as graphically illustrated in the recent Sugar, Oil, and Department of Justice scandals, do you favor a new political party?
2. Are you in general agreement with the national platform which has been adopted as the unanimous expression of the organizations affiliated in the new party movement?
3. Do you endorse the National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention called for June 17 in the Twin Cities?
4. Will you attend this Convention and serve as a delegate if selected?
5. Any local unit comprised of 25 people or more, who subscribe to this platform, is entitled to one delegate. Shall we send you a blank petition so that you can obtain the necessary signatures and qualify as a delegate?
6. Whom do you favor for President on the new party ticket? Indicate your choices by marking an X in each column.

	First Choice	Second Choice	Third Choice	Fourth Choice
WILLIAM E. BORAH (IDAHO).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SMITH W. BROOKHART (IOWA)....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
LYNN J. FRAZIER (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
J. A. H. HOPKINS (N. J.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E. F. LADD (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (WIS.)..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
VICTOR MURDOCK (KAN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GEORGE W. NORRIS (NEB.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. A. PIKE (MINN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AMOS R. E. PINCHOT (N. Y.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HENDRIK SHIPSTEAD (MINN.)....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B. K. WHEELER (MONT.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Preliminary Convention expenses and the cost of this questionnaire will be considerable. If you are willing to accompany your reply with an appropriate contribution towards these expenses, it will be appreciated.

I enclose \$.....

NOTE: Senator Magnus Johnson does not appear on the above list only because his foreign birth makes him ineligible for the Presidential office.

# International Relations Section

## The Economic Conquest of Canada

By SCOTT NEARING

THE speedy shifting of economic control which has been one of the outstanding features of public affairs during the past fifty years is nowhere better exemplified than in the checkered career of Canada: a British dominion, at the outset of minor importance, pushed suddenly into the limelight as the largest market for British overseas investments, and then, even more quickly, deprived of this source of capital and forced to turn to the United States for needed economic surplus.

### A MECCA FOR BRITISH INVESTORS

Until about 1900 the amount of British capital invested in Canada was small, the British bankers seeming to prefer Australia, the Argentine, and the United States. With the opening of the Canadian West, however, and the building of spurs to the transcontinental railways, mining, manufacturing, lumbering, and farming developed very quickly, with a corresponding demand for new capital. Said O. D. Skelton, writing on Canadian Capital Requirements in the *Annals* for November, 1916:

At the end of 1910, according to the London Stock Exchange totals, compiled by the *Economist*, Canada had outranked all other parts of the Empire. . . . In 1913 these borrowings reached their maximum. In that year, according to the *Statist's* compilation, Canadian flotations in London amounted to £47,000,000 out of a total of £245,000,000 capital subscriptions made in the United Kingdom, or nearly one-fifth of the whole. This movement continued to the very eve of the war: in the first six months of 1914 over £37,000,000 British capital found the same outlet.

C. K. Hobson in the same publication estimates that in 1913 British investors placed £44,119,000 in Canada, as compared with £18,000,000 in Australia, £18,000,000 in the United States, £15,000,000 in Brazil, £11,000,000 in the Argentine, and lesser amounts in other countries. The total holdings of British investors (1913) he places at 515 millions sterling in Canada, 378 millions in India and Ceylon, 370 millions in South Africa, 319 millions in the Argentine, and 754 millions in the United States. Thus Canada was the principal recipient of new investment funds from Britain, and, with the exception of the United States, was the largest single British investment field.

### UNITED STATES INVESTORS ENTER THE FIELD

Investors from the United States were late in entering the Canadian field. The "Monetary Times Annual" for 1914 estimates United States investments in Canada as follows:

1909.....	\$279,000,000
1911.....	417,000,000
1913.....	636,000,000

At the outbreak of the war, therefore, United States investments in Canada were a little more than one-fifth of the British investments.

Even at this period the dependence of Canada upon the United States was very great. While the bulk of her exports went to the British Isles, the bulk of her imports

came from the United States. Thus, in 1913, Canadian exports (of Canadian produce) totaled 413 million dollars, of which more than half (215 millions) went to the United Kingdom and 163 millions to the United States. In the same year Canada imported goods to the value of 618 millions, of which nearly two-thirds (395 millions) came from the United States, while only 132 millions came from the United Kingdom. Thus Canada was borrowing in Britain, and used the money to pay for the goods that she was buying in the United States.

### THE WAR HASTENS MATTERS

The war greatly increased the demand for Canada's goods. Her total exports jumped from 455 millions in 1913 to 1,179 millions in 1917. The amount of capital invested in her manufacturing industries increased from 1,994 millions in 1915 to 3,230 millions in 1917. A similar expansion took place in her mining, power development, and other public utilities.

Such expansion requires large amounts of new capital. Since this was not available within Canada, it had to come from outside—and from the only possible outside source—the United States.

With the war, the export of British capital practically ceased. The first three war years gave the American business world exceptionally large profits. Before 1914 United States investors had discovered the Canadian investment field. The war provided an added impetus in this direction. Ingalls in "Wealth and Income of the American People" places the total of United States investments in Canada at \$1,800,000,000 in 1920, or three times the amount for 1914. He estimates that \$220,000,000 of United States capital went into Canada in 1919 and \$325,000,000 in 1920.

### NATIONALITY OF CANADIAN CAPITAL—1919

The nationality of Canadian industrial capital in 1919 is suggested by a report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in which detailed analyses are given for some of the leading industries:

	Capital (millions)	Per cent Canada	Per cent U. S.	Per cent British
Lumber .....	\$126	61	27	11
Pulp and paper.....	135	68	24	4
Agricultural implements.	39	58	31	10
Cotton textile .....	36	89	5	6
Building .....	21	57	41	0.2
Foundries .....	48	70	21	8

### DEFLATION HELPS THE UNITED STATES

Many of these Canadian industries were started during the war on a "shoe-string" that snapped when the war demand dropped off. Such enterprises fell quite naturally into the hands of American investors, who were the only ones capable of making large foreign investments in the dark days that followed 1920.

There are no authentic figures regarding American investments in Canada subsequent to 1920, but on both sides of the line investment bankers have made numerous estimates covering the past three years. Thus the *American Economist* for March 2, 1923, says:

There are six or seven hundred openly known branches of American industries in Canada, such as International Harvester, Canadian General Electric, and General Motors,



but there are hundreds of companies with Canadian names, Canadian directorates, and supposedly Canadian management, that in reality are finally controlled in New York, Chicago, Boston, and other centers.

In support of this contention the editor quotes a salesman for a leading office supply concern who reported that more than 80 per cent of his important business contracts with Canadian houses were finally accepted or rejected on the United States side of the border.

The *American Economist* estimates that in 1918 United States capital held 34 per cent of all stocks, bonds of other Canadian manufacturing companies.

The proportion rose to 50 per cent by the end of 1920, when the deflation period set in. Since then a fresh series of absorptions has brought the ratio up to 60 per cent.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the actual proportions of British and United States investments in Canada in 1923. Thus the Royal Bank of Canada, in its *Bulletin* for January, 1924, estimates:

The amount of foreign capital invested in Canadian enterprises has increased from \$450,000,000 in 1900 to something in excess of ten times that figure. . . . In regard to the total quantity of capital invested, Great Britain still holds the premier position.

By way of contrast with this statement, the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* of January 10, 1924, notes that

Mr. R. W. Dalton, senior British trade commissioner in Canada, draws attention to the influence of American investments in Canadian industry, which are over three times as great as those of Great Britain.

The real question of the relative importance of American investments in Canada resolves itself into a guess as to the amount of American control that has been established since the depression of 1922. The latest official figures run no further than 1920.

A Canadian investment banker who has large dealings with American bankers estimated that in December, 1923, the total of United States investments in Canada was about 2½ billions as compared with 2 billions of British investments. If this estimate is correct British investments stand today at about the same level which they occupied in 1913, while United States investments have increased approximately fourfold.

#### BRITISH IMPERIALISM HELPS

The present economic policy of Great Britain is compelling American capitalists to take a larger and larger share of their production business into Canada. The General Motors, for example, from its plant in Ontario exported 18,000 cars in 1922. For at least one month within the past year British imports of motor cars from Canada exceeded in number and value imports from the United States. The reason is apparent. The British Government collects a duty 1/6 less on Empire manufactures than on foreign manufactures. This extends in the case of automobiles to those which are 60 per cent built in Canada. The American manufacturer by locating a plant in Canada can thus supply the Canadian market free of duty and undersell his United States competitor in the markets of Great Britain.

Should the British Empire raise a higher tariff barrier with the aid of imperial preferences, United States capital will be compelled to locate a still larger proportion of its plants in Canada. Thus British imperialism is laying the

foundations for American control of the strategic economic advantages of Canada.

The situation is thus summed up by the *American Economist*:

American capital is year by year obtaining a more complete grip on Canadian manufacturing and commercial business. Branches of large United States corporations are being established in Canada, or Canadian companies are being taken over, at a rate that indicates economic conquest.

#### THE INEVITABLE COLLISION

The economic control of Canada has passed out of the hands of British bankers and into the hands of United States bankers. The political control of Canada remains with the British Government. Such an anonymous relation between economic and political authority creates a condition of unstable equilibrium which can be remedied only when the same group holds both economic and political control.

There is no likelihood that the economic hold of United States investors upon Canada will be loosened. On the contrary, there is every indication that it will grow stronger during the next decade.

Britain will hesitate long before surrendering the political control of this greatest among British dominions. The Canadian business men themselves are intensely patriotic, with strong imperial leanings; they sing "God Save the King" with fervor; they are committed politically to a "pro-Empire" policy. There are two possible solutions to this social complex. One is to have an American army and navy take possession of Canada in the good old-fashioned way. The other is to have American bankers buy Canadian newspapers, subsidize Canadian colleges, make large gifts to Canadian churches, and through a generation of careful manipulation institute a pro-United States campaign for Canadian public opinion which will justify peaceful annexation.

There is, of course, a third possibility, namely, that the producers on both sides of the Canadian boundary might throw off their imperial masters, join hands, and organize an American producers federation.

### More About the "Other France"

By SYLVIA KOPALD

THE uneasy days that have come to France on the crest of the reactionary wave have given new strength to the protests of the "other France." If Poincaré's policies had won success, it is highly probable that a good portion even of this other France would have rejoiced with the chauvinists over *la victoire de la patrie*. As it is, the failure of the Ruhr occupation, the financial demoralization, the economic crisis, and the isolation of France have reacted most strongly upon the workers, the peasants, and the small business men. Hard times are swelling the volume of protest.

The situation in France is still so unformed that it is difficult to trace the significant tendencies in it. Several factors, however, do stand out clearly: The rapid depreciation of the franc has brought a sharp rise in the cost of living. The unions are concentrating a good part of their attack against the Government upon this issue. For several months now the rank-and-file response to rising living

costs has been a "partial-strike epidemic." On the other hand, the very fall in the value of the franc which is bringing such hardships to the workers is enabling the employers to strengthen their positions all along the line. As in Germany, private industry is acquiring for its own, long-standing state monopolies. The May elections may constitute the first widespread clash of the "two Frances."

The cost of living indices presented in the *Bulletin of General French Statistics* issued by the Minister of Labor reveal a steady and rapid rise since the third quarter of 1922. By September, 1923, average living costs throughout France had risen by 239 per cent over those of 1914. During the last quarter of 1923 the rise has been precipitate. To obtain the real story one goes to the reports of the regional commissions instituted by the decree of February 19, 1920, and functioning in fifty-seven departments. The lowest index of living costs revealed by these reports for a worker's family of four showed an increase of 299 per cent over 1914 (Lyons, September, 1923). The highest showed an increase of 445 per cent (Lille, October). The budget cost indices for all the departments during the last quarter of the year (1914 = 100) tended to mass between 360 and 390.

The rising tide of protest, the huge "bread demonstrations," and the strike epidemic indicate clearly that wages have not kept pace with this advance in prices. The *Bulletin of General French Statistics* presents regular figures on the daily wage rates of coal miners which bear out this conclusion. In 1914 coal miners earned on the average 5.96 francs per day; at present they earn 21.31. The wage-rate index (1914 = 100), therefore, is 357. Against this figure, it must be remembered that unemployment has been widespread and that actual wages—a product of wage rates and the opportunity for work—probably show even a greater discrepancy with the cost of living.

The increasing unrest of the workers is an inevitable product of these facts. In the expression of their protests many of the unions have transmuted the bread-and-butter unrest into a direct attack against the policies of the present Government. At a great mass meeting of civil-service employees held on February 8 attacks upon the Government were typically emphatic and frequent. (In its new policy of "economies" the Government has drastically decreased its budgetary allowances for pensions and social insurance. The civil-service employees have been particularly hit by this.) M. Lartigue of the Civil Service Employees said:

The index of the cost of living is at least 400; one must have, therefore, at least 20 francs every day in order to live. . . . Yet the same Government which is refusing to indemnify us against the high cost of living is voting 1,500,000,000 francs to the Little Entente. The working class must no longer tolerate this scandal.

M. Laurent, secretary of the Federation, spoke against the increase of transportation rates and other indirect taxes. M. Rigail, of the police, pledged the support of the policemen in "the union of all the exploited against all the exploiters . . . , in the struggle against the reactionary Government. . . ."

These workers have formed a Committee of Action of Civil Service Employees.

The Economic Council of the Confédération Générale du Travail (General Confederation of Labor) has issued a lengthy report upon the problem of the high cost of living.

The increased costs are ascribed to the burdens left by the war, to the errors of the peace, and to the financial policies of the Government, among them the occupation of the Ruhr. Nevertheless, the report also maintains that

The failure of America and England to sign the treaty of alliance promised to France has increased the general insecurity and lack of confidence. . . . While we have been unable to settle the reparations problem England, hiding her ambition and her greed under internationalist professions, has grown rich without limit. After the German colonies and fleet it was the mandates over Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia; Britain's Empire covers half the globe. She is the great beneficiary of the war, and the Greco-Turkish War has merely served to assure the English domination of Constantinople.

On the other hand, a public manifesto issued by the Administrative Council of the C. G. T. during January says:

The French workers can no longer doubt the Government's responsibility for the constant rise in the cost of living. . . . No improvement in the position of the franc can be attained without a complete transformation in the internal and external policies of France.

While the unions talk, the rank and file have resorted to significant action. The past months have seen a crop of unauthorized, local, spontaneous strikes. *L'Information Sociale* describes these strikes in its issue of February 28, as follows:

Strikes have sprouted like mushrooms recently. In all the industrial regions of France, and particularly in the vicinity of Paris, thousands upon thousands have stopped work to obtain once again an adjustment of wages to the cost of living. But these strikes have not set in motion the working mass within each given industry. Not a word of common command has marked their origins. . . . One can compare these uprisings to torches which kindle, are seen, inflame the whole horizon, then go out, only to kindle again farther away, and go out again. There are innumerable torches of this kind. . . .

These strikes have become so important that the radical wing of French labor, the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire (United Confederation of Labor), is attempting to transform them into a mass movement. Its organ *La Vie Ouvrière* (The Worker's Life) broadcasts appeals like these:

No More Partial Strikes!

Let Us Prepare for a Real Fight!

General, Planned, Methodical Strikes!

To back these demands with definite issues, the C. G. T. U. has formulated the following program (February 1):

Six francs a day increase for all workers; 1,800 francs a year increase for civil-service, railway, and public-service workers. . . . Down with 25-sous bread. Down with the 7 milliards new taxes.

The C. G. T. U. is now engaging in a national campaign to transform the "partial strikes" into a general movement by means of these definite issues. In this campaign it is using its interesting comités de l'usine (works committees), built and functioning on a plan similar to the "cells" of the Communist Party in Russia. By the end of February many of the strikers had taken up the program of the C. G. T. U. But settlements made with the employers thus far have seldom granted an increase as high as the 6 francs per day demanded.

The employers are fighting this movement. They have





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by JESSIE REDMON FAUSET

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attacked the cost-of-living indices issued by the departmental commissions. For instance, the Textile Association of North France has made a now famous attack upon the commission's "over 400" index of last autumn, claiming that the index should have been appreciably lower. They have met the new campaign of the C. G. T. U. with challenges such as the following in *Industry* on February 16:

The great industrial associations, such as that of the iron mines, the builders, the industries of Lyon, have just taken a clear-cut and firm position on this question of wages: they will accept in no case a general increase in wage rates. . . . The industrialists must fight a combined battle. . . . In this regard it should be added that our industrialists have perhaps neglected the possibilities of obtaining foreign manual labor. . . .

But the employers have done more than fight the workers. Through the same situation which has brought increased living costs, unemployment, cut pensions, cut social insurance, and lengthened working days to the workers, private industry has obtained established state monopolies for its own. During the last week of February the Chamber decided by a vote of 365 to 188 to deliver the state monopoly of matches to private industry. The Government forced the vote by putting the question of a "vote of confidence." The central committee of the Union of Match Workers and Léon Jouhaux, secretary of the C. G. T., have accused the Government of deliberate bad faith in this.

Because of these new conditions, the May elections may bring a new alignment, although of course the rise of the franc consequent upon the Morgan loan makes matters easier for the Government. In its recent congress (January 30 to February 3) the French Socialist Party determined to continue its collaboration with the Liberal (left) Bloc against the National Bloc, and refused to cooperate with the Communist Party. The latter at its congress (January 20-23) determined to demand a workers' and peasants' coalition against "all bourgeois parties." The C. G. T. U. and the Communists are now agitating for this *Bloc Ouvrier et Paysan*.

### Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL is a newspaper man, until recently connected with the *Wichita Eagle*.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL will contribute articles to *The Nation* from Ireland and from Spain and Italy.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, British scientist, philosopher, author, is now lecturing in the United States.

FLOYD DELL, author of several novels, has just published a new book, "Looking at Life."

LLEWELLYN JONES is editor of the *Chicago Evening Post Friday Literary Review*.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "Bunk."

THOMAS REED POWELL is professor of constitutional law at Columbia University.

LLEWELYN POWYS is a critic, fiction-writer, and essayist.

THOMAS CRAVEN is an art critic and author of a novel, "Paint."

T. G. ALLEN is secretary of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, widely known as a poet, won *The Nation* poetry prize a year ago.

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# Spring Book Section

## Llewellyn Jones<sup>1</sup>

By LLEWELLYN JONES

LEWELLYN JONES was born in Castletown, Isle of Man, shortly after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." The actual year was 1884, but, *vide* Einstein, that is unimportant, for the Isle of Man has its own time, which, in intellectual matters, is quite a few years behind European time. Hence, until at a comparatively late period of childhood he learned to read, he was brought up in a pre-Darwinian universe. This universe was first unsettled for him by his reading a bound volume of a magazine edited by Annie Besant. There was a serial story in it by George Bernard Shaw—"Love Among the Artists" or something like that—which made no impression on him because his love-life up to that time had been confined to a "crush" on a dressmaker. There was also an article entitled "A Letter from an Infidel to a Christian Friend." The letter made a great impression, demolishing, once and for all, the theory of plenary inspiration in which he had been brought up. Jones proceeded to learn the elements of Darwinism through reading in a file of a religious periodical the answers made to Darwin by the evangelicals. All these volumes, of course, were some years old, at the time, but that had nothing to do with the case—the boy was participating in the battle, blissfully unaware that he was a few years late.

Thus Jones may be said to have become an intellectual radical early in his career. However, he lived in a town which by American standards was old. The castle which gave it its name and its historic importance was built in the tenth century—at least its nucleus was. The grammar school which he was to attend dated from the seventeenth century, and the "public school"—King William's College—which he attended during a comparatively short term of family prosperity was indeed founded by King William IV. The town was surrounded by an even older country which the youth loved, in later years, to disturb with a geological hammer: tracing volcanic eruptions through the limestone beds of the south, climbing the conglomerate of Langness, finding encrinites at Poolvash, and tracing glacier scratches on the boulders of Barrule and Snaefell. The result of that sort of thing was, of course, a sense of the secular that kept his radicalism where it belonged—confined it perhaps to the real meaning of the term, and made him, in his emotional reactions, a conservative. It also gave him immunity from the American doctrine of success and the estimation of life by its productivity in money.

Before coming to America Llewellyn Jones had stopped a course of education which was designed to make him a science teacher in the English board schools—he found mathematics too much for him—and had gone to work on a newspaper. Writing was so much easier in words than in mathematical symbols. After some years of wandering he settled in Chicago, and while working in a publishing house he began to write reviews for the *Chicago*

*Evening Post Friday Literary Review*, then edited by Francis Hackett. Up to that time his personal interests had been scientific and philosophical, and he had read little fiction and only such poets as had been called to his attention by people whose own interest in them was mainly philosophic. His awakening to the specifically human and purely literary elements in literature he owes to Floyd Dell, who succeeded Francis Hackett as literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*. Through reading Dell's critical work—and Jones still thinks that Floyd Dell is a natural-born critic in the creative sense of the word—through Dell's assaults on his own work, and through his observations of Dell's life in the realm of art and letters; in other words, through his observance of this "moment" (in the technical sense of the word) in process, Jones was delivered from a partial and merely intellectualistic view of the life of the spirit.

Delivered, however, that he might proceed on a way perhaps wholly his own: a way essentially set for him by his early life, where runic crosses, ruined castles and cathedrals, and mountains which lay heavily and a little sadly athwart the scene even when sweet with heather or bathed in the stimulating scent of flowering gorse—where these were always in the background reminding progress that it was not the whole of life.

Perhaps, indeed, not any of life, for one of the earliest influences on Llewellyn Jones's mind was this same attitude toward mountains and heaths and the passage of time, as it is reflected in the writings of Thomas Hardy. "Jude the Obscure" was one of the first serious novels Jones ever read, and its disillusionment fitted into something—perhaps clarity of sight, perhaps some organic defect or infantile fixation—in his own nature. Of course the boy disliked pain when he had to bear it in his own person, but he also disliked the idea of it. And his first interest in philosophy was because he knew that philosophers discussed, among other things, "the problem of evil," and he naively thought that some day one philosopher might, by good luck, actually solve it. Even now, perhaps, were a greater philosopher than Bergson or Croce to be announced, the literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post Friday Review* might be seen, sitting at a cluttered desk, thumbing the index (if there were one) for the words, "Evil, Problem of—" But it would not be done in a spirit of expectation any more.

The controversial side of Mr. Jones's work as a critic has been for the most part in defense of the idea, common to Croce and to English aesthetic thought, if not to aesthetic thought everywhere outside of America, that the artist gives us, if indeed he be an artist and not a mere artificer, a vision of experience as it comes to him at its face value. Those who use art to "inspire"—inspire who knows what cheap and cowardly people to what commonplace ends—are consciously or unconsciously prostitutes. Or if their product be honest they are at least misbranding it. Their customers claim that the world is so sad that they do not wish sadness in their fiction or poetry. And in the same breath they explain that there are so many pleasant things in the world that the author has no excuse to write only of the sad things. These comfortable people know that there is suffering in the world, but they do not

<sup>1</sup>This is the fifth in a series of articles by American critics on themselves. Heywood Brown, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, and Carl Van Doren have appeared; Harry Hansen, E. W. Howe, John Macy, and others are to follow.

wish to be reminded of it because then they might feel obliged to take some action in the matter.

This does not mean that Mr. Jones leans toward the other side of purposive art: the side on which the sufferings of the downtrodden are exhibited to win the pity of others. Indeed, he has far more sympathy for the cruelly worked horse of city streets than he has for the mass of the downtrodden human beings who have not sense enough to rebel against their position. This is partly temperamental and partly the result of a reasoned individualism. Although he has few philosophical beliefs and is certainly not a disciple of, and could not defend or even explain, any system of objective or subjective idealism, Mr. Jones has never been able to get away from the prior situation—so to speak—of idealism and over to the behaviorists: that is to say, he has never been able to explain away the fact of consciousness and that all we know of the outer world is in terms, however limited, of our particular human level of consciousness. There is one philosophical work which has done more perhaps than any other to shape Jones's later mental development: "Individualism," by Warner Fite, a book which for the first time to Jones's knowledge systematically studied the social relations of man and the nature of human progress in terms of the consciousness and self-consciousness of the individual. In summary, Mr. Fite's theory is that consciousness is a meeting of the many in the one which can, as it develops, make subtler and subtler adjustments of what to a simple consciousness would be alien or hostile elements. Conflict therefore is always a sign of the inadequacy of consciousness: two billiard balls going in opposite directions along the same straight line must collide; two conscious beings pursuing such a course need not collide. The fully conscious man (not yet born of course) may legitimately expect to attain all his ends, without any self-sacrifice, but he can do this only by adjusting them to the ends of every other fully conscious man. But these ends can only be announced by each conscious man for himself: for instance, we cannot say the rights of labor are such and such and we will help labor to fight the capitalist. Labor itself must clearly think out its rights: if it cannot think its rights, it *ipso facto* has no rights; but when it has thought out its rights it can use the capitalist as the means for attaining its ends, even as the capitalist uses the laborer for the attainment of his ends, each being an end for himself as well as a means for the other. In brief, Mr. Fite would restore, as he himself says, but, of course, with new meanings, the exploded doctrines of rational egoism, natural rights, and the social contract.

"But," the reader may remark, "you have told us that this Mr. Jones, about whom you appear to know so much, is a pessimist and a disciple of Hardy, who is certainly a monist of some Haeckel-like variety, that he deserted his intellectualist views of life and art under the influence of that youth—whom I always considered something of a reprobate—Floyd Dell, and now you make him out the disciple of a philosopher who is certainly an idealist as against a mechanist, who is certainly a rationalist as against an emotionalist, and who is by no means a sentimentalist—while Jones certainly skirts sentimentalism closely with his mountains and overworked horses and things."

But I, dear reader, am not to blame for that. If Jones happens to be inconsistent, or if he has not yet won through to a unified view of life, I, as his apologist, cannot

help it. And I think that as long as Jones is only setting up as a critic of literature, all that the world can ask of him is that he hold a consistent aesthetic: especially as he has, in late years, confined his public interests to aesthetic criticism.

And Jones does have a consistent aesthetic. He has not been swept off his feet by recent attempts, for instance, to interpret art in terms of psychoanalysis. Although he does not feel competent to accept or to reject the neo-idealism of Croce, he belongs to the school of critics who have learned, if not what art is, at least what it is not, from the writings of Croce. And, put in non-technical language, his view of art is that it is experience, of the outer world or of the inner, symbolized by the artist in certain techniques that enable the reader to repeat in his own consciousness approximately the experience which the artist wished to record; that the whole significance of art lies in expressing for the artist and recreating for his public those experiences in their original unity, before they have been broken up by the conceptual judgment for our practical action on them or by the moral judgment for our moral approval of them; that, in a world which we have to subject to practical exigencies all the time, it is only through the life of art that we can live completely and not as a superior sort of animal; that psychologically the critic's function is not to sit in judgment but to re-experience what the artist has experienced; and that, practically, his function is to help other people so to re-experience the artist's vision, or, if he find that there is no vision to reexperience, to show wherein other than aesthetic motives have entered into the artist's work and how they have vitiated them. And if the reader wishes to know how Jones arrived at this point of view, I refer him to Croce's "Aesthetic," to J. E. Spingarn's "The New Criticism," and to Lascelles Abercrombie's "Toward a Theory of Art" and "The Theory of Poetry." For in those books Jones found what he would call his theoretical aesthetic salvation.

The only critical bad habit of which Jones is accused is his guerrilla warfare on people who have views about verse structure which differ from his. He is supposed to have read every book on English metrics published in twenty years, and his own writings on the subject have stirred up the disciples of Lanier and also the free-verse propagandists to voluble disagreement. The theory of English verse he holds may be put in a sentence: all good English verse is free verse, but unless it is written in a fixed pattern we do not get the full benefit of the free cadences.

And that is Jones—part of him. But when he reads this article he, having to acknowledge it as approximately true, will wish, as long as it is so, that it were so for more of the time; wish, indeed, that, being as he is described above he were that more of the time, and a citizen, a taxpayer, a pedestrian unit in the census figures less of the time. Indeed, he may even be reminded, *mutatis mutandis*, of a poem by W. H. Davies entitled "Confession":

One hour in every hundred hours  
I sing of childhood, birds, and flowers;  
Who reads my character in song  
Will not see much in me that's wrong.

But in my ninety hours and nine  
I would not tell what thoughts are mine:  
They're not so pure as find their words  
In songs of childhood, flowers, and birds.



## Two American Poets: A Study in Possibilities

By FLOYD DELL

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century is to me a peculiarly interesting period. It was the period in which my own generation was born and brought up; it was, moreover, a period in which the whole world was being vastly and rapidly changed. In that period the writers and artists of all sorts who are now coming to occupy the attention of the public spent their youth; from that period they received the influences which have, with some mysterious assistance from temperament, made them what they are. It has occurred to me to compare and contrast two American lives conditioned by those influences, in order to see what different effects the same quarter-century could have on two different minds.

As one of the subjects of such a comparison I have taken the poet Vachel Lindsay. The other is a poet unknown to any except an occasional collector of rare and curious books. His name, Park Barnitz.

Park Barnitz was born in Kansas in the year 1877. He went to the State university in Colorado, and later to Harvard, where, so my information goes, "he was a favorite pupil of Barrett Wendell and William James." He is said to have had "a remarkable knowledge of art and musical history, of the world's literature, of languages, and of philosophy." He seems also to have been aware, in his fashion, of the crude and boisterous American civilization of his time, and he did not like it; he preferred his beautiful dreams, and he took to drugs to cultivate these dreams and make himself indifferent to the ugliness of the contemporary scene.

In the first year of the twentieth century he summed up, in a little book of poems, his impressions of the quarter-century through which he had lived; and in the following year he died, at the age of twenty-five, of drugs.

His impressions of that quarter-century may be gleaned from the titles of his poems: Ennui, Litany, Helas! Changelessness, Monotony, Scorn, The Grotesques, Sepulchral Life, etc. But to taste the specific flavor of this young Kansan's response to the noisy and enterprising American life of his time, it is necessary to read at least a stanza entire:

I am a little weary of the Persian  
Girl that I lov'd; I am quite tir'd of love;  
And I am weary of  
The smoking censers, and the sweet diversion  
Of stroking Leila's jasmine-scented hair,  
I thought so fair.

One recognizes, of course, the Persian girl, the jasmine-scented hair, the smoking censers as characteristic and familiar features of a young poet's life in Kansas, Colorado, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. At any rate, these were what Park Barnitz, with the helpful assistance of drugs, saw in America during the nineties.

His slim volume ("The Book of Jade," Doxey's, San Francisco, 1901) is dedicated "to the memory of Charles Baudelaire"; the contents are echoes, thin and vain, of Baudelaire, Wilde, Swinburne, Gautier, Dowson. These were among the chief literary influences of the time, and it is not strange that a young American who was interested in literature should have had a mind open to such influ-

ences. What really is strange is that these influences should have so utterly squeezed out from his mind every memory of Kansas and Colorado and Cambridge. But so it was; and since a man is what he makes of his memories of life, it may be said that these influences squeezed out all that was Park Barnitz.

Let us turn to Vachel Lindsay.

Vachel Lindsay was born two years later than Park Barnitz, and only a few hundred miles away—in 1879, in Springfield, Illinois. In his early youth he decided to be a pictorial artist. His youthful drawings may be seen in his privately printed "Village Magazine." And they are, with all their differences of temperament, oddly reminiscent of Park Barnitz's poems. Young Barnitz's poems were Baudelaire-and-water; young Lindsay's pictures were Beardsley-and-milk—the milk of infantile innocence. Such visual perceptions as young Lindsay had of the outside world were not sufficiently dear to him to cherish; he, too, preferred his dreams, which smack of the Yellow Book, of Flaxman, of Japanese prints, of Blake—of anything but Springfield, Illinois. Springfield was to him merely "the city of my discontent." If he liked to look at the obelisk-decked tomb of Lincoln it was because he could fancy himself looking at something in Egypt, where he would much rather have been. The fact is, he had turned his back upon the outside world—because it was ugly. And—as a pictorial artist—he lacked the imaginative and intellectual sympathy which could have found a meaning in that ugliness. If he had found meaning in it he would have found beauty in it, and he would have drawn pictures of it rather than of soap bubbles.

It is not so different, after all, it would seem, from the story of Park Barnitz.

But young Lindsay also intended to be a poet. This, you say, was his real forte. Yet, as a poet, he began to play the same trick of turning his back upon actual life—with the same results. He shut his eyes to Springfield, and dreamed—of India, of China, of the moon, of the nursery paradise of Mother Goose. There are many exotic themes in his collected poems, as well as many pages of mere effervescent nursery nonsense.

But his dreams began to take on a Utopian tinge; and one must look, not away from, but through and beyond the actual world, to see Utopia. He wasn't quite content to dream of beauty; he wanted to see it come true. Ancient Greece had been beautiful; why couldn't Springfield be beautiful, too?

We should build parks that students from afar  
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home,  
Fair little squares with Phidian ornament,  
Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far?  
I only know, unless her faith be high,  
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,  
Our little Babylon will surely die.

It was in the light of this Utopian faith that Springfield became interesting to the young poet. It occurred to him that "no picture-palace in a fairy-book" housed such poignant emotions as these familiar roofs. He was not alien from these people; they, too, desired beauty. True, they desired it in an American, middle-western, religious, reformistic manner. But the wish to create a new and splendid world was at the heart of these tiresome old

"causes." And so we find him, in his poems, talking to "the sister with the little pinched face, the busy little sister with the funny little tract"; we find him telling "Why I Voted the Socialist Ticket," explaining why "Factory Windows Are Always Broken," and celebrating "torchlights down the street to the end of the world."

Of course, the sympathetic understanding of these passionate causes does not make a poet; with that alone, Vachel Lindsay would have been a temperance lecturer, a political reformer, a radical "spellbinder" at the utmost—or, not impossibly, a banker, and a member of the local Rotary Club, with a penchant for delivering graduation day addresses with a touch of inspirational eloquence in them. It was a streak of laziness in young Vachel which saved him from that, made him critical of the largely meaningless bustle of American business; that, together with the genuinely religious streak in his nature. Laziness and religion make the mystic, and sometimes the poet. Vachel Lindsay was happily compelled by this whimsical part of his disposition to cherish useless things, such as leisure and beauty, and defend them passionately against the encroachments of the machine age. He must admire gallantry, and will speak up even for the Devil when the Devil has fought bravely. This keeps him out of the narrow rut of strictly ethical preoccupations; it makes him a citizen of a large, lovely world, full of lost causes and desperate hopes.

His failure as a pictorial artist and his success as a poet have here been considered consecutively, but as a matter of fact—so complex is human nature—they were contemporaneous. While he was shutting his artist's eyes to the world about him, he was opening his poet's eyes to that world. But he was still singing in tunes learned from books, and they did not fit his themes. The America which he was celebrating was an America of the uplifted voice—an America of camp-meetings, Fourth of July orations, political rallies, Salvation Army meetings, temperance lectures, funeral sermons. Vachel Lindsay had been cradled in this eloquence and song, and yet he had written his verses according to the text-books.

It was perhaps a mere happy accident when he wrote of the death of the leader of the Salvation Army, and the poem sang itself to a kind of Salvation Army tune. "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven"—and he enters to the tunes he knew so well. "The banjoes rattled, and the tambourines"—and everyone could hear them, in the poem. It caught the ear of every man who had ever stopped on a street-corner to listen to the "big voiced lasses," "tranced, fanatical," that "shrieked and sang," gathering in their "unwashed legions with the ways of death."

That was the beginning. Since then Vachel Lindsay has taught us to chant his poems to a thousand tunes that are as much a part of our American life as the subject-matter of his poems. "Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room . . ." "I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope . . ." "Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-horn!" "Listen to the music of the Fireman's Ball!" The America of the uplifted voice, not yet destroyed by the machine-process, finds its place in poetry and in the hearts of the lovers of beauty.

That is the end of my comparison. I do not want to draw any rash conclusions from it. Is it too rash a conclusion to think that, however poor the world one lives in, it is a great deal better than none at all, even for so sensitive and particular a person as a poet?

## Books

### British Policy in the Near East

*The Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia.* By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company. \$2.50.

THE struggle for power between Europe and Asia, which is the theme of Herodotus, has been the most important issue in world politics ever since his time and is so still. Most modern Europeans, owing to inadequate knowledge of history, regard the supremacy of Europe as a law of nature, but in fact there has been a slow oscillation which is now beginning to swing in favor of Asia. Xerxes represented a culmination of Asiatic power; from Alexander to the fall of Rome Europe had the ascendancy; then came a millennium of Asiatic supremacy, represented by Attila, Mohammed, Genghis Khan, and the Turkish conquest of Southeastern Europe. The subsequent conquests by European nations are due to the fact that the West invented science, which it applied to industrialism and war. It should, however, have been evident that sooner or later Asiatics would learn what we had to teach. The Japanese learned first, and achieved equality with white nations; now the Turks, profiting by German instruction before and during the war, have inaugurated the liberation of Western Asia. It should be regarded as nearly certain that all Asia will achieve independence during the next fifty years. Those European Powers which offer least opposition to this movement will suffer least from it. Probably the British Empire will offer the most opposition, and will, therefore, suffer most.

At the end of the war it seemed to our imperialists that we had the whole former Turkish Empire at our mercy. The elimination of Russia, to whom Constantinople had been promised, appeared as an extraordinary stroke of good fortune. It became possible to hope that we might link up Egypt with India, via Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia; that we might acquire control of most of the oil in the Near East; and that we might dominate the straits.

During the war we had made use of Arab hostility to the Turks, and had promised independence to those who had sided with us. Hussein, who utilized his power over the Holy Places to make extortions from pilgrims, was supposed by us to be on this account beloved throughout the Moslem world. We made him King of the Hedjaz; a son of his proclaimed himself King of Syria, but was ousted by the French; another son was foisted by us on Irak against the wishes of the inhabitants. We tried to get Hussein recognized as Caliph, but failed ignominiously. Gradually all our schemes went awry. The failure of the Greeks, who were acting on our behalf, is sufficiently well known. But even fairly well-informed people know little of our intrigues in relation to the Arabs. Mr. Powell, who writes as a disinterested American, tells the story vividly; I hope it may come to be appreciated by political opponents of Lord Curzon, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

One of the things which a Labor Government could do instantly, in spite of not having a parliamentary majority, is to evacuate Mesopotamia, or Irak, as it has been called since Mesopotamia ceased to be a "blessed word." Let us take our policy in regard to that country as a sample of British Near-Eastern imperialism.

In 1916 the British and French governments concluded what is known as the Sykes-Picot Agreement, partitioning among themselves the greater part of the Turkish Empire. This agreement assigned Mesopotamia to England, except Mosul, which was to be French. In 1918 the French abandoned their claim to Mosul in return for British support in Syria. (It is worth while observing that the Syrians, being asked what destiny they desired, said that they preferred independence; failing that, they wished to be under America; failing that, they preferred Britain; above all, they did not wish to be assigned to France. The League of Nations therefore



gave a mandate to France, in accordance with the Sykes-Picot Agreement.) The French maintained that this agreement of 1918 left them a share of the Mosul oil, which the British denied; however, Lord Curzon has repeatedly told us that oil is no part of his reason for desiring Mosul.

In November, 1918, after the armistice, an Anglo-French declaration promised "The complete and definitive liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of indigenous populations." In 1920, after some experience of liberation under a British garrison, the people of Mesopotamia rebelled and nearly captured Bagdad. After this Sir Percy Cox, the new High Commissioner, repeated the promise of self-determination. Certain prominent Mesopotamians, who had assisted us in quelling the revolt, were invited to join a provisional government, among them Seyyid Talib. "It should be added," says Mr. Powell, "that the British were under the greatest obligations to Talib, who during the rebellion of 1920 had answered their appeals for help by coming to the aid of the beleaguered garrison of Bagdad, thereby saving British arms and prestige from serious disaster."

At this juncture Mr. Winston Churchill, as Colonial Secretary, ordered, against Sir Percy Cox's advice, that Feisal (son of Hussein) should be made King of Irak, although it was known that almost all the inhabitants loathed him. Talib got wind of the plan, and, at dinner in his own house, expressed strong disapproval of it. This failure to understand the meaning of "self-determination" was quickly rectified. Seyyid Talib was invited by Lady Cox to tea at the Residency. On his departure he found the road blocked by an army truck, he was arrested, taken in a special train to Basra, and conveyed, a prisoner, to Ceylon in a destroyer.

Will Mr. Thomas order the instant restoration of Talib to his native country? And will he take steps to redeem the British Government's promises to allow self-government to Irak?

The failure of our imperialist ambitions in the Near East is attributable to three causes operating successively and one operating throughout the venture. The cause operating throughout was British popular indifference, which made Lloyd George fail in his attempt to get up a crusade. Of the other three the first was the policy of the Soviet Government, springing partly from sincere convictions, partly from the need of retaliation against our support of rebellion in Russia. The Bolsheviks succeeded in persuading Asia that they did not wish to interfere with the independence of the nations on their frontiers. Being shut out from Europe by the blockade, they became the champions of the liberties of Asia, and were so regarded from the Bosphorus to the Yellow Sea. Their assistance was no doubt of great importance in the early stages of Turkish resistance to the unratified Treaty of Sèvres. The growth of Nationalist Turkey, which they assisted, was the second cause of our failure; the third was French opposition to our schemes of conquest. This last, from the point of view of French imperialism, was probably shortsighted, since the ultimate result is likely to be the liberation of Asia from all Western dominion. The two Powers which have gained in the scramble are Russia and America, because they have displayed least imperialism and are believed by Asiatics (rightly or wrongly) to have no sinister designs.

Oil has been the chief prize sought everywhere, and the history of North Persian oil illustrates America's wisdom. In 1916 the oil in the northern provinces was granted by the Shah's Government to a Russian named Khoshtaria, but this concession was never ratified by the Majliss and therefore (under the Persian constitution) was not legal. In 1920 a British company bought it, Khoshtaria being in need of cash on account of the Russian revolution. It was thought that the irregularity of title would not matter, owing to the Anglo-Persian Convention and the presence of British troops in Persia. The Majliss, however, refused to ratify the convention, and the Persians showed

themselves so bitterly anti-British that an expensive war would have been necessary to keep them down. Perhaps we should have engaged in this war but for a masterstroke of policy on the part of the Persians. They gave a concession for the oil in the northern provinces to the Standard Oil Company, a concession duly ratified by the Majliss. Consequently we could no longer inflict "self-determination" upon them without coming into conflict with America. The Persian Government proceeded to invite the assistance of a number of American financial and technical advisers, who are setting the country on its feet. We have come back to the state of affairs which would have existed if Morgan Shuster had been allowed to do his work. It is to be hoped that the independence of Asia will be securely established by the time the Americans wish to annex Persia.

The dealings of modern Europe with Asia show that there is absolutely no effective good-will toward Asia in any European country. There are times when the taxpayer objects to paying for the enrichment of concession-hunters and when young men object to dying for the same great cause. These exceptional times, when parsimony and laziness overcome imperial pride, are the periods of a liberal policy. But there can be no security for any part of Asia except in its own strength. Any failure of British or French or Italian or Greek schemes is to be welcomed—all alike are nefarious. I hope the present British Government may be led, by motives of economy, to abandon the less lucrative of Lord Curzon's ventures. I see in the *Daily Herald* of January 31 that the Air Ministry is now opposed in principle to the late Government's policy of dropping bombs from airplanes on Mesopotamian villages which are in arrears with their taxes, but I am troubled by an announcement next day denying that this has ever been our practice—a denial which it is very difficult to accept. I hope the Labor Government will not be too prone to accept the assurances of officials who have no sympathy with its policies.

The most important parts of Asia fall into three groups: Moslem, Hindu, and Chinese. If all achieve complete independence, as seems likely, it will be well for mankind. There is no such thing as benevolent government of one country by another, and such books as Mr. Powell's are useful in reminding us that we are not exceptions to this rule.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

## Incurable Intelligence

*Crazy Man.* By Maxwell Bodenheim. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

"**CRAZY MAN,**" by Maxwell Bodenheim, is a novel of breadth and distinction that makes the reviewer pause before he begins to wave aloft the usual adjectives that serve as traffic signals on the literary highroad. It is the author's seventh book, and with its publication he seems to rise like one of the peaks that dominate the plain in the American scene. It is, broadly speaking, realistic—at least the reviewer may be pardoned for designating it so, after beholding a flying wedge of bouncers in a cheap New York dance hall converge upon a lame duck and throw him downstairs. But the lame duck disseminates a doctrine of non-resistance in the most romantic manner, and now and then the author contributes such unrealistic bits as "the kiss was belief, seeking to be full born against his skin," something that reads like an entry out of a diary that might have been kept by Richard Feverel in his trysting days.

The story of "Crazy Man" has to do with the petty world viewed by Selma Thallinger, who worked during the day as a milliner and at night sold her services as a dancing partner in Ravanni's "Academy" in lower New York. Twice every week Selma gave herself to the same pair of men, the owners of the dance hall, but the custom had long ago become meaningless and tiresome. Mr. Bodenheim has read her mind with marked insight; in fact, she is the most clearly visualized char-

acter in the book and absolutely convincing. Her revolt against the blandishments of Ravanni had already begun when John Carley appeared at the dance hall. His pleading manner and his clothes—tieless and patched—were breaks from normality and a challenge to Ravanni and his cohorts; so he was thrown out. But because he followed a philosophy of non-resistance he returned again and again, to be beaten to a pulp, but to conquer in the end through his gameness. It was natural that Selma, surfeited with her meaningless life, should turn to Carley and seek to understand the strange philosophy that had been born in him by much reading. "Every book I read tells me something different, but all the people I meet, they say the same things all the time," says Carley. He has become convinced that men must emancipate themselves from the claims of the flesh and give more thought to their intellects.

He believes that only too often men are the "duped, evanescent trustees of property," the slaves of its bulk. To free men from its tyranny he robs the rich to give to the poor—that is, he specializes in stealing furs out of large stores, and then distributes the money gained by their sale to indigent strangers. His view of religions is that

they ask you to take care of your feelings and treat men like you'd want them to treat you, but they don't pay any attention to your mind, to what's going on inside of your head.

And as for human beings:

They've got to teach their minds and their feelings to have more respect for each other, and when they do they don't take each other's bodies so often because that's not the only thing that they're interested in. It's all right for them to take each other if they're taking something else besides their flesh, if they're really trying to get into each other's minds and hearts and look for the secrets that are hidden there.

It is natural that most of the men Carley talks to cannot comprehend, and Selma, too, is confused because his principal occupation is talk when her body is longing for his embraces. Society, too, has its doubts, and eventually pronounces Carley the victim of an exalted paranoia and sends him to the state insane asylum. Carley breaks out, but he is convinced that permanent incarceration is not far off. "I will be arrested again," he says, "and when that happens they will undoubtedly keep me in an asylum for the rest of my life, as an incurable case of intelligence."

Mr. Bodenheim has a clearness in portraiture due in part to the fact that he expresses himself with much precision and economy of language; he makes words carry the burden of his ideas with a keen perception of their powers and capacities. This imparts a feeling of surety and accelerates movement; it commends his work to judgment in company with that of the few stylists in America. But Mr. Bodenheim's clarity in expression is set off by an individual and sometimes irritating mannerism. He turns easily to simile and metaphor; one never knows when he is going to breathe life into inanimate objects and consult their feelings in such conspicuously original terms as the "chin advised her face," or the "wound communing with hostility," or the "sawdust waiting to be teased by feet." A man careful of his diction does not fling these figures about nonchalantly; one may conjecture that Mr. Bodenheim does so with intent and after much deliberation; have we not proof elsewhere in his ironical poem *Hatred of Metaphor and Simile*? Here he depicts an audience crying: "Give us earth and logic!" "Down with metaphor and simile!" and then evicting two forlorn poets who show their contempt by "flicking the ashes carefully into the rage of faces around them." Bodenheim, striving for clarity in his novel, eliminated all extraneous matter from his plot and wove a story of a few simple characters and a single theme; the book is nearly one-third under way before the first incident is disposed of. But Bodenheim, the poet, kept looking in the casement and dictating a disturbing line here and there, and thus produced this

strange conglomeration of styles which reminds us of a description Witter Bynner once wrote of Bodenheim's lines: "It is a drunken thief's hand, still deft in the poetic treasury." We find such circumlocutions as these: "His face . . . was firmly framed by the outward adventure of a jaw," "Emotionally, a Negro revival meeting was hurling its cries from the curves of his heart"; "invading their nearness by the tragical mirage of distance"; "the sunshine of a warm spring day waltzed with this curiosity in ever-narrowing circles."

But these are the inequalities that stand out from the body of this author's prose like gargoyles on a cathedral and lead one to the belief that the poet is fighting for survival against a young novelist who is gaining in strength. The rest of the prose has many conspicuous qualities, not the least of which is its honesty and clarity. Mr. Bodenheim conveys the vernacular of Selma, Ravanni, and others of a coarser social stratum without ever becoming the literal reporter, and he is coherent throughout, thereby breaking with the younger experimenters, who cannot hope to be understood outside a narrow circle without a glossary.

HARRY HANSEN

## Thomas Mann

*Buddenbrooks*. Translated from the German of Thomas Mann by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. \$5.

THOMAS MANN is a great writer with but a single theme. In having but one theme he is not very unlike writers as different from himself, as different from each other, as Carlyle, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Shaw. Amid a thousand variations one central and controlling thought, one characteristic attitude to the totality of things, will emerge from a close study of the works of each of these. Mann differs from them by virtue of the mood out of which he attacks the substance of his vision. It is not, as in the case of all the others, an impassioned, triumphant, prophetic mood. It is shy, difficult, reserved, estranged from itself. It is the mood of a lyrical nature constantly transcending itself by sheer force of intellect and artistic self-discipline. It is a nature that yearns for music. But another strain in that nature fears music as weakness, as mere emotionalism, as self-abandonment. Mann would not yield to the musician in him nor to the lyrical poet in him. With an austere deliberation he chose prose, the most stringent and responsible of the arts, and early made himself a master of that art not only in the common matters of felicitous phrasing and expressive rhythm but in the severer beauty that belongs to a structure at once intricate and lucid, at once orchestral and logical.

He was born in Lübeck of a family of patrician merchants such as he has shown in "*Buddenbrooks*." But his father, who, one may without impertinence assume, is at least symbolized by Thomas Buddenbrook, made an even more unusual and romantic marriage than Mann's character. The mother of Thomas Mann and of his brother Heinrich was a Portuguese lady. Thus in Mann there blends the sober, exact, realistic strain of the North German and the passion and elegance of the Latin. Or, rather, these two strains did not blend. With the highest consciousness of his early maturity there came to him and within him a struggle between these two elements and, more especially, between the North German severity that regards the passion and elegance of the Latins as always a little vulgar and tawdry and the Latin warmth which regards Northern sobriety and self-restraint as always a little stupid and anemic. And in Thomas Mann's innermost self there has always been a deep if not always a willing respect for his paternal inheritance, for those Lübeck burghers who lived with so much sanity, dignity, manliness, balanced power. He knows that these qualities easily degenerate on a lower plane into flat, fatuous, unsucculent Philistinism, but he also knows—and this knowledge is set down in "*Buddenbrooks*" in Permaneder and Permaneder's Munich—that the ease and grace and charm of the Latin or semi-Latin



temperament degenerates with equal ease into moral sloth and spiritual slackness. Had he ever been confronted with the dilemma of being either a Lübeck Philistine or a Munich Bohemian, he would have chosen the former alternative at once.

In Thomas Mann's creative work this conflict within him appears as the antithesis between two worlds: the world of art, thought, music, the world of the children of light who have, alas, no power over practical affairs and so often live without restraint, dignity, or that measured beauty of rational action which is perhaps the highest beauty, and that other world of sane action, natural joy, well-balanced acceptance of man and society which alone can, when all is said and done, make the common lot of man tolerable and fruitful. It follows that nearly all of Thomas Mann's protagonists—Thomas Buddenbrook, Tonio Kröger, the heroes of a dozen of the impeccable shorter narratives—are all artists, thinkers, children of the light who are sick with a gross or subtle sense of their own insufficiency, their feebleness in battling with the world of practical action, their remote but apparently inevitable relationship to the clowns, vagabonds, strolling players of an earlier age. They go down to disaster through their inability to unite in the practice of their lives the ideals of strength and light, balanced power and creative passion, distinction of gesture and action and freedom and variety in the choice of action. This conflict is Thomas Mann's recurrent theme. It is symbolized with the highest concentration in the very few pages of a sketch called "Die Hungernden" which is, I think, the key passage to a correct insight into all his work.

His theme is, in reality, a discord brought about by two conflicting themes, and the problem which Mann has sought to solve in both his life and his art is the problem of the resolving of this discord into harmony. The artist, then, the child of light, who can never conquer the practical world, never share the common joys or practice the common virtues of mankind, must introduce virtue—*virtus*—into his own domain and thus achieve personal power, distinction, dignity of soul. He can do this, like Gustav Aschenbach in "Der Tod in Venedig," like Mann himself, by exercising the highest self-discipline, striving after the utmost solidity, lucidity, comeliness of form, yet never letting form become the master, never letting it be empty or virtuoso-like. It must be perfect through its perfect molding of substance, perfect by the test not only of beauty, but of an ultimate intellectual scrupulousness. An artist of this temper can not only conquer a perfection that is natural to him; he can transcend himself. If he has not what the French call "the long breath" he can attain it by a series of tireless creative acts. He can turn from music, from the lyric, to prose, to epic narration and can, by triumphing in this originally not quite native field, achieve a human dignity, a moral power that saves him from the old taint of the market-place, the many-colored rags, the gaping crowd. . . .

I have tried to give the reader of English this general insight into the personality and work of Thomas Mann in order that "Buddenbrooks," now at last available in our language, may meet with a more understanding appreciation. It is plainly enough, even as a mere novel, an isolated story, a very great book, a narrative of human beings and of human fates of an incomparable depth, insight, creative fullness, structural perfection. There is no turbidness in it, no faltering, no laxness. Mr. H. T. Lowe-Porter's version contains an occasional blunder, as when he mistakes *Kräutersuppe*—*potage aux fines herbes*—for "cabbage-soup." But, upon the whole, it is adequate and at times elegant. The translator would be the first to admit that the full beauty of Mann's prose is lost in any medium but his own. But the translation cannot obscure the magnificent architectonics of this work. Each of the eleven parts, each chapter of each part, each paragraph of each chapter, has individual charm and functional rightness in the organism of the whole structure. "Buddenbrooks" is a first-rate work

of art; it is, in that special sense of Thomas Mann which I have tried to explain, an artistic deed of the highest virtue. And I am anxious that both aspects of it should be understood. For only an understanding of these two aspects can form a proper approach to the total work of one of the noblest artists and personalities of our age.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

## World's End

*Galapagos: World's End.* By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$9.

"Galapagos" is a glorious book. It is high romance, exact science, fascinating history, wild adventure. Those lava islands six hundred miles west of the coast of Ecuador have stirred the dreams of boys and boy-hearted men for nearly four centuries; and they remain one of the few spots of undisturbed mystery on the earth's surface. Every small boy who has ever been to a zoo and seen the man-size tortoises that gave the islands their name has been tortured by the ambition to sail to the islands and capture one of those giant relics of an age when reptiles ruled. And here is William Beebe's story of the fulfilment of that high ambition—and Beebe still leaves mystery.

Indefatigable Island is only twenty-five miles wide, yet no man has ever penetrated across its hot, cactus-covered "hills, slopes, and gullies, all fashioned of great sheets and disks of clinker, like thousands of misshapen manholes balanced on edge or thrown together as the last upheaval or earthquake left them" to its crater-center. Rumor has it that there is a lake in that crater, and doubtless the last of the great tortoises—Beebe's expedition found but one of them—still dozes in the delicious mud about that tarn. One yearns to depart, with copper shoes that the lava cannot penetrate, for that legendary crater. If the very shores of Galapagos yield four-foot-long marine lizards and birds so tame that one can touch them, what mysteries may not remain for the explorer of that crater?

Galapagos was first a favorite resort of pirates and buccaneers and then of whalers; and in more modern days one of the islands has been used as a particularly cruel penal colony. In the old days the giant tortoises abounded and were a god-send to the weary mariners. William Dampier, who later rescued Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, from Juan Fernandez Island, described them as "extraordinarily large and fat, and so sweet that no pullet eats more pleasantly." So abundant were they (this was in 1684) that "five or six hundred men might subsist on them for several months without any other sort of provision." As late as 1813 Captain Porter of the American navy could write that

Vessels on whaling voyages among these islands generally take on board from two to three hundred of these animals and stow them in the hold, where, strange as it may seem, they have been known to live a year, without food or water, and when killed at the expiration of that time found greatly improved in fatness and flavor.

Not only their food value but their oil content hastened the fate of these tortoises; today some of the landing-places are strewn with their shells, but the tortoises are almost extinct. There may be more of them left on islands unvisited by the Beebe expedition, but their rarity only doubles one's thirst to explore Indefatigable's crater.

Charles Darwin visited the islands on the Beagle in 1835, and his observations of the curious variations in life on these isolated islets played a large part in determining his thought upon evolution. William Beebe constantly pays warm tribute to Darwin's account of his observations, but Darwin is pale reading compared to Beebe. No naturalist, I think, has written more fascinatingly and yet less sentimentally. I must pass over the dramatic account of his first encounter with a giant lizard and quote merely his reflection upon a dead lobster:

One of the most beautiful things in death is the giant thorny lobster of the tropics. . . . When death comes to

\* Published in *The Nation* of September 26, 1923.

this crustacean and the fishes and the scavenger mollusks and worms have made away with all his muscles and flesh then the empty shell, as wonderful in carving as the Taj Mahal, is washed up and pounded to pieces upon the lava, and all the fragments scattered through the sand—a myriad mosaics of the most exquisite sculpture and with pigments faded into unnamably delicate tones and hues. As I casually unearthed some jewel of a leg-joint, well worthy of a setting in platinum, a slender rod splashed with mauve and crimson, with a galaxy of blue stars wound in a spiral around it, I realized more than ever what a casual thing is man upon the earth. For untold ages since thorny lobsters first crawled about in the waters of the upper chalk, perhaps sixty million years ago, beautiful detritus such as this has littered the tropical sands.

A major part of the task of the Beebe expedition of 1923 was to collect data upon the origins of the curious life upon these volcanic peaks in mid-Pacific. There is no native land mammal life, although wild donkeys, goats, and sheep, brought ashore by early Robinson Crusoes, have become so abundant upon some of the islands as to threaten other forms of life with extinction. The penguins and the southern sea-lions have reached the Galapagos on the Humboldt Current from the Antarctic; some of the birds betray by their wildness the fact that they are migrants, accustomed to more dangerous man-infested regions; but many of the species are peculiar to the Galapagos. Each of these tiny islands has some species all its own, of plants, of birds, and of insects—although insects are singularly scarce and their absence adds to the mysterious silence of the islands. The birds tend to be longer-legged, larger-beaked, smaller-bodied, and darker than their relatives of the mainland—effects of the long process of natural selection in a barren region. Mr. Beebe's tentative conclusion, based in part upon the relationship of species and fortified by the Prince of Monaco's soundings of the ocean floor, is that the Galapagos Islands were once connected by land with Central America (not with the nearer mainland of South America) and that in long isolation— isolation since a pre-mammalian age—they have developed their peculiar characteristics.

It is a fascinating book. One wishes that the expedition had lasted more than its two and a half months and that the scarcity of water had not forced the Noma back to Panama and shortened the actual time on the islands. Beebe's tale of the hunt for water, and of its final discovery where it could not possibly be piped to the ship, is one of the high dramatic spots of the book. The tale of the shipwrecked taxi-driver is a classic for all time. But why attempt to retell it? It must be read. Putnam's must publish this sumptuous book in a cheaper edition so that it can have the wide reading it deserves.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

## Priests of Modernism

*Faith and Health.* By Charles Reynolds Brown. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.

*The Social Origins of Christianity.* By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

*Imperialistic Religion and the Religion of Democracy.* By William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

*The Religion of the Social Passion.* By Charles Henry Dickinson. Christian Century Press. \$1.75.

CHANCE more than anything else brought these four books on religion together on the reviewer's desk. All four of them are written from the point of view of liberal Protestantism, and while they are not primarily controversial and do not pretend to cover the whole of Protestant philosophy, we may fairly consider them as to some degree an answer to the inquirer who seeks to know something of the message of modernism to our times.

Judging by the first of these books that message is emi-

nently sane, on excellent terms with the physical sciences including medicine, and, on the whole, cheerful and "constructive." "Faith and Health" is a revision of an earlier book by the same author. It includes Coué as well as Christian Science and the Emmanuel Movement. On all of them Mr. Brown talks good common sense. Religion of the right sort makes for health, but we need physicians and the practice of modern hygiene. Simply on the score of physical health we gather that Mr. Brown would place science above faith, but he thinks (on a priori grounds rather than on any extensive examination of the evidence) that the Christian faith is likely to be more potent in its suggestion of health than Dr. Coué. The Virgin of Lourdes, we take it, may persist when the doctor of Nancy is forgotten. There is no discussion as to whether the Christian religion is superior to other religions in its power of health and if so, why.

"The Social Origins of Christianity" shows the admirable objectivity of modernism and its scientific interest in the origins and growth of Christianity. Mr. Case does well what Mr. Lake in his "Landmarks of Early Christianity" did brilliantly. He examines the social situations in which Christianity had its rise and growth and explains its success in terms of its ability to adapt itself to the needs of its time. Such a story naturally suggests the right and duty of the modernist to do likewise without too rigid a devotion to the notion of a faith once for all delivered to the saints. Mr. Case delicately points that moral.

The forward look of modernism and the irenic spirit of some modernists is shown in William Adams Brown's interesting attempt to classify religions in general and the various forms of Christianity in particular as imperialistic, individualistic, and democratic. The first is the religion of submission to authority, the second of individual salvation not so much in submission to authority as in the traffic of the soul with its God, while "democratic religion begins when it first dawns on a man that God may have something to say to him through the different thing He is saying to his neighbor." These types rarely exist in any form of religion pure and unmixed. All of them have values which Mr. Brown is careful to bring out. Roman Catholicism tends to be essentially an imperial religion, Protestantism heretofore has been a confused "half-way house between imperialism and democracy" with at least a negative type of individualism strongly developed. The religion of the future, Mr. Brown hopes, will be the religion of democracy. Its unifying principle will be its creative power. Christianity is not yet such a religion, "but of all existing religions it has the best chance to become so."

"The Religion of the Social Passion" attempts more directly than any of these others to deal with that central problem of religion: the nature of God in relation to men. The author's special appeal is to "reverent and devout souls who doubt God because they love men." His argument is commended to us on the jacket of the book by a battalion of authorities headed by the indefatigable Edward Alsworth Ross, who writes: "If Dr. Dickinson's wonderful presentation of social religion does not heal the soul of the reader, nothing will." This reader—alas that I should have to confess it—is evidently beyond hope. I found in the book some admirable sentiments and some eloquence. But mostly words.

Mr. Dickinson's social passion at its most definite best is the kind of thing that sent young people to settlement houses fifteen years ago, but it was never so unromantic as to make them realistic labor unionists or socialists. Later, under the influence of the war propaganda, it sent them to the trenches to fight the "false prophets" who apparently were almost all German. (Mr. Dickinson can still write a sentence like this: "The sin propagated by the Hohenzollern was sin against humanity in the deepest sense: it was sin against the continuity of humanity's growing life.") "Social passion," in Mr. Dickinson's words, "urgent, patient, imperturbable of soul, inspiring the fulfilment of the equal and supreme opportunity," etc., etc.



is nevertheless a thing so wordily romantic that it would have inspired as much scorn in Tolstoi as in Nietzsche. Social passion, we are told, is God!

The social passion is not one impulse among others, but is the whole of real human life. Unto this converges every constituent of our being and is fulfilled in this forevermore. This is the true God and eternal life.

If that explanation does not resolve all your doubts, it may help you to understand why Roman Catholicism and Protestant fundamentalism still hold the allegiance of multitudes who find it hard to begin their prayers: "O, Social Passion, urgent, patient, impartive of soul."

NORMAN THOMAS

## Gaily the Philosopher

*At a Venture.* By Charles A. Bennett. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

ONE of the queerest things about human nature is the way people distinguish between pleasures and duties. As soon as you get paid for pleasure it becomes work, and the unconscious—or something—puts on its armor.

I have worn armor for the past three weeks in respect to Mr. Bennett's book. The Editor of *The Nation* sent it to me to read and review. Right then it turned itself into a job. For nearly a month it has lain on my desk shouting *Read me!* every time I came into the room. Finally, I had to read it to get the incriminating evidence out of the way.

Before I had read the first one of the thirty-four essays that make up the volume I forgot all about the job and thought how delightful it was to run across a new writer—new to me, at any rate—of such subtle penetration combined with a light and lazy humor.

Mr. Bennett has a fine sense of satire, of character, of life—and he is a master of the luminous phrase. Moreover, he carries himself with that air of detached superiority which is essential to successful satire. In one of his essays he tells of a man who started to write a book on "Social Psychology" which emerged with the title "The Wonders of Insect Life." I rather fancy that Mr. Bennett had himself in mind. In a measure, I mean; you know.

He discusses live subjects—and his papers cover all sorts of topics from advertising to zebra raising. But there is not a word about Horace, Chaucer, the *precieuse* poets, medieval history, or the cursed Greeks. This is a great relief. He is as modern as a gasoline engine. But he is not too modern to write with ease, elegance, and grace.

The book is illustrated, and the pictures are priceless. They are the work of Clarence Day, Jr. All movement—irony—and grin.

I like his characterizations of people. There is Mr. Armitage, for example. Mr. Armitage never thinks of people or of things; his mental processes take in only "world movements"—such as the "rising tide of social unrest," and other tides, forces, pendulum swings, and reactions.

A rise in the price of butter makes Mr. Armitage think of the world-wide fluctuations in price levels. People blowing in their money on the movies cause him to reflect on the inflation of the currency. He talks of the "whole drift of modern ideas," and you get the image of humanity blown along by some invisible force, like clouds blown across a full moon.

I don't know whom Mr. Bennett had in mind when he described Armitage, but I am willing to make an even bet that it was Clarence W. Barron, proprietor and editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. Last year, on his return from Europe, Mr. Barron said that Coolidge and Mussolini are the "two greatest economic minds in the world." This dictum has gone down to posterity as one of the remarkable sayings in 1923.

Mr. Bennett is a professor of philosophy at one of the Eastern universities. Just think of that!

W. E. WOODWARD

## A Symphony of Sin

*The Man Who Died Twice.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

ONE is tempted, after a first reading of any new poem by Mr. Robinson, to remind him of the advice which Poe gave to Hawthorne in a review of "Mosses from an Old Manse": "Get a bottle of visible ink!" Yet Poe was wrong, and after a second or third reading of the present work Mr. Robinson will seem profoundly right. No one else would compose like this; but surely no one could. For a reader who tempers himself to his task somewhat as Mr. Robinson tempered himself to his, there are no obscurities in "The Man Who Died Twice." Rather, all is luminous with an other-worldly light; not the sun, but some energy of ghostlier brilliance and less warmth glitters along these lines and makes them clear. For such a reader also there is no prose within the volume. Open it at random and in ignorance, and many a passage will yield no music; temper the ear, however, to the whole and the whole will sing where Mr. Robinson intended that it should sing, in the depths of the brain. Mr. Robinson has never written better than here. Few American poems are more beautiful.

The details of the story are not to be taken too literally, for the theme is abstract and the application is universal. It is a tale of the unpardonable sin; a man in full consciousness that his soul is one of the rarest gifts of the gods violates that soul and descends to a slow ruin. Superficially the story is this: Fernando Nash, a musician of genius whose promise from the gods is that some time he shall hear music

Blown down by choral horns out of a star  
To quench those drums of death with singing fire  
Unfelt by man before.

refuses to wait until this music pierces his effective mind and takes a form there which can make it communicable to other men. Fiercely scornful of lesser men and madly reckless in the certainty of his eventual inspiration, he listens too long to the drums of death that are to be a minor note of his great symphony; he lets the devilish note

That was to be a part be everything;

he flings himself for twenty years into debauchery and idleness—whether of the body or of the mind does not matter—and emerges a man who can hear nothing with sheer, triumphant divinity in it. He hears it, indeed, just before the first death that he dies; but it is too late then. Awakening from his final orgy, reduced and starved and empty, he witnesses a marvelous march and countermarch of good and evil music which ends upon his ears with

that choral golden overflow  
Of sound and fire, which he had always heard—  
And had not heard before.

Blinded with tears of joy and exhaustion he gropes into the hall outside his room

Crying aloud for God, or man, or devil,  
For paper—not for food. It may have been  
The devil who heard him first and made of him,  
For sport, the large and sprawling obstacle  
They found there at the bottom of the stairs.

Such is his first end. His soul is saved but his art is gone, and now he pathetically beats the drums of life with the Salvation Army until his second death, when his friend who tells the story takes his ashes out and sinks them in the sea.

It is seldom or never that a good poem can legitimately be considered to need music for its fuller expression. "The Man Who Died Twice" is especially complete within itself; it is a symphony of most gorgeous content, and yet it is authentically a poem; the music is unheard. At the same time, one rather wishes that a competent composer would attempt something with these lines and these ideas for its basis. Particularly one would give a good deal to hear an approximate rendering of that dreadful mood which expressed itself for Nash by



the coming through a keyhole  
Of a slow rat, equipped with evening dress,  
Gold eye-glasses, and a conductor's wand,  
Soon followed by a brisk and long procession  
Of other rats, till more than seventy of them,  
All dressed in black and white, and each of them  
Accoutred with his chosen instrument,  
Were ranged in order on the footworn carpet  
That lay between Fernando and the door.  
Having no chairs, they stood erect and ready,  
And having made obeisance to the master  
Upon the wall, who signified his pleasure,  
And likewise to the man upon the bed,  
They played with unforeseen solemnity  
The first chords of the first rat symphony  
That human ears had heard. Baffled and scared,  
Fernando looked at Bach, who nodded slowly,  
And, as he fancied, somewhat ominously;  
And still the music sounded, weird but firm,  
And the more fearful as it forged along  
To a dark and surging climax, which at length  
Broke horribly into hoarse and unclean laughter  
That rose above a groaning of the damned;  
And through it all there were those drums of death,  
Which always had been haunting him from childhood.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Anybody's St. Francis

*St. Francis of Assisi.* By Gilbert K. Chesterton. George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

ALLOWING for Mr. Chesterton's little ways, with which we are all agreeably familiar, we are ready to grant at once that he has written an entertaining and even an edifying book on the most diverting as well as the most attaching of the saints. He has written it for those who have no acquaintance with the Franciscan idyl and who require some little persuasion to approach it sympathetically. This accounts for a certain apologetic tone when he is speaking of those phases of the story at which the modern skeptic might be expected to stumble, though no one who knows Mr. Chesterton is likely to bring against him a charge of "minimism." "It was necessary," he writes, "that my outline should be a merely human one, since I was only presenting his claim on all humanity, including skeptical humanity."

Though all readers of the Franciscan story will find their account in this book, many of them will enjoy it with certain reservations. Mr. Chesterton's incessant crackle of fireworks seems to us quite inappropriate. To portray these touchingly simple episodes against a flickering background of paradox and word-play is a little like descending on the beauties of a landscape to the sputter of a motor-cycle. But there is another and more serious obstacle to our pleasure in the book. Mr. Chesterton has been much too free and easy with his facts. It is not true, for example, that St. Francis sang the Canticle of the Creatures "wandering in the meadows in the sunnier season of his career." He composed it in a hut erected for him by St. Clare in the garden of San Damiano hardly a year before his death. He was then half blind. It is not the fact that "he is said to have made a journey" to intercede with the Emperor "for the lives of certain little birds"; but he is reported to have said that if he ever had speech of the Emperor he would beg him to see to it that the larks were protected and especially that they and all other birds should be fed on Christmas Day. It is not "tradition" that St. Francis and St. Dominic met for the first and last time at the famous "Chapter of the Mats," held at the Portiuncula in 1219. They seem to have met at Rome in 1215 and at least twice afterwards. It was not a Franciscan who said, "a monk should own nothing but his harp." It was Joachim of Flora, who died two years before St. Francis's conversion. There is no evidence that Dante was a member of the

Third Order, though many writers, like Mr. Chesterton, have assumed that he was, on the basis of a well-known passage in the sixteenth canto of the *Inferno*. The Portiuncula, where St. Clare feasted with the Brethren and where St. Francis died, is not, as Mr. Chesterton twice implies, set upon a hill, but lies low in the Spoletan valley, surrounded by what Carducci calls a "cloister of lovely mountains." These, of course, are trifles, but there are many such trifles in this book. After all, an army of scholars has put the details of the Franciscan story within the reach of any inquirer, and there is no excuse, at this time of day, for writing a life of St. Francis without consulting the authorities.

Mr. Chesterton's book, therefore, is not nearly so good as it ought to be, but, then, no book on St. Francis is. The perfect life is still to write. But when all is said, the humility of Mr. Chesterton's concluding words is sufficient to disarm criticism. He claims "to have nothing to set up under the overhanging, overwhelming arches of such a temple of time and eternity but this brief candle burnt out so quickly before his shrine."

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

## Cleveland and Olney

*Grover Cleveland. The Man and the Statesman.* By Robert McElroy. Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. \$10.  
*Richard Olney and His Public Service.* By Henry James. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THE joint names of Cleveland and Olney at once call to mind Debbs and Venezuela and the two actions for which Cleveland receives least lasting tribute. Mr. James unqualifiedly condemns the Chicago strike and does not consider the unwisdom of the ensuing injunction or the use of federal troops. Mr. McElroy gives a more balanced account of the disturbance and touches upon the debit side of settling strikes by blanket injunctions. On the other hand, Mr. James gives the more adequate record and appraisal of the Venezuela affair. One hesitates to bracket Cleveland and Olney with Mr. Daugherty, for the time and the situation afforded less justification for the latter's injunction than for that of his predecessor, yet Mr. McElroy points out that even in 1894 the wisdom of such unrestrained use of judicial power was "questioned by far-sighted men, some of whom had themselves handled this two-edged sword to their regret." Self-interest will divide men on this issue as it no longer divides them on twisting the Lion's tail. The folly of the latter is now denied by few but Fenians. At the time, it brought to Cleveland more widespread popularity than any of his other acts. In condemnation as in praise contemporary opinion was shortsighted. When Cleveland was most maligned, he was exemplifying homely virtues which posterity has gratefully acknowledged.

The Venezuela policy was doubtless dictated by the same moral imperative that animated Cleveland's other actions. He saw a powerful nation trusting to procrastination and inertia to gain an advantage over a weaker one. His fault lay in his appraisal of the facts and in his resort to the language of the indictment rather than the politer palaver of diplomacy. Neither he nor Olney was a jingo by temperament. This is clear from their attitude toward Hawaii and toward Spain and their negotiation of the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Olney, as a member of the Cabinet, though not then Secretary of State, participated in the conferences over Hawaii and supported Cleveland in withdrawing from the Senate the annexation treaty of Harrison. Thus we declined a title with grievous moral flaws. The deed which we accepted later was more legibly witnessed by Manifest Destiny. The restraint with respect to Cuba was commendable, though it did not find the way of peaceful adjustment. The arbitration treaty slept in the Senate. The record has less of achievement than of high purpose and good-will. These must be remembered as offsets

to the Venezuela bluster. When Attorney General Olney argued the Income Tax cases and lost he was in essence an old-fashioned fighting lawyer, though less hidebound than some. He mellowed somewhat in his later years and wore well the distinction which position had given him. Mr. James pictures him with objectivity and fairness. He confines himself almost wholly to Olney's public life, which is all that makes him a subject for biography.

As a personal and a public figure Grover Cleveland is far more inspiring than Olney. Mr. McElroy's fascinating story keeps Cleveland the moralist always in the foreground. Most issues he saw as moral issues. His puritanism took the form of a conviction of righteousness. This is expressed again and again in his letters and state papers. Few men in politics have given less heed to expediency. Mr. Roosevelt was not silent about ethics, but he professed himself a practical man. Sturdy and doughty he can be called, but not rugged like Cleveland. Popular disgust with corruption brought Cleveland to his high place and dogged enmity to corruption stands forth as his chief characteristic. His familiar conception of trusteeship made him essentially the conservator rather than the innovator, the guardian rather than the leader. He fought spoliation of the Indians, debasement of the currency, tariff barons, pension raiders and party spoilsmen. He was wiser in what he sought to restrain government from doing than in what he sought to do through government. The strength and charm of Mr. McElroy's biography are in its depiction of Cleveland the man. As an historian the author is allusive rather than explicit. A more adequate background might have been given without serious impediment to the smooth flow of the personal story. The hostility which Cleveland engendered is duly, perhaps unduly, reported, while relatively slight emphasis is accorded to the less vocal support which placed him twice in the Presidency and gave him a large popular majority when the electoral vote went against him. The shameless partisanship of the period is a sad commentary on the temper of the time. It is not certain even yet that Republicans can gracefully accept and fairly evaluate a Democratic President.

An economic interpreter of history would class Cleveland with dominant commercial interests. Judged by the lights of today his social vision was limited; but yesterday was not today. Cleveland once said that he chose the Democratic Party because it seemed to him to represent greater solidarity and conservatism, yet the choice between Cleveland and Blaine or Cleveland and Harrison was not on any clear basis of economic cleavage. The extent to which Cleveland opposed high tariffs because the Republicans favored them cannot be determined. His sound-money convictions were untinged by party affiliations, as his rejection of Bryanism demonstrates. To an unusual degree Grover Cleveland was his own man, who went his own way. He respected the formal theory of the separation of powers and did not attempt executive coercion of the legislature except the negative coercion through the use of the legislative veto power. His administrations illustrate how admirably our system of checks and balances may fulfil the object of preventing united governmental action. Cleveland would not be the tool of party leaders or dicker with them through the use of his appointing power. He seemed unable to convert Congress or to start in the constituencies a backfire to budge its balky heels. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson were different. They ran on platforms which promised legislative achievement and they felt themselves responsible legislative leaders whom Congress should respect. In reaction from this conception, the last election showed favor toward the idea of executive subordination in everything but distinctly executive functions. Whether we shall some day return to Mr. Cleveland's conception of the presidential office seems doubtful. The temper and turmoil of his two administrations are not conducive to constructive achievement. When some slack mood for normalcy or tranquillity inclines us toward what Mr. Lloyd George calls not a policy but a yawn we are likely to seek for a complacency in

the White House which will look beyond the Mall for guidance. When the yawn has duly stretched itself and legislative lassitude in turn becomes irksome we may turn again to some dominating personality who will coerce Congress to carry out the policies proclaimed in the campaign. Cleveland's intermediate attitude belongs to an older time which is not likely to come again.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

## The Ecstasy That Refrains

*Strait Is the Gate.* By André Gide. Authorized translation by Dorothy Bussy. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ANDRÉ GIDE is one of the most important figures in French letters. By many he is even regarded as the greatest contemporary *proseur*, and "Strait Is the Gate" is an extremely beautiful book. It is high time that he should be given to American readers, and his publishers deserve gratitude for having presented him in an accomplished translation. But one wonders if in performing an introduction it was necessary so completely to misrepresent him. "'Strait Is the Gate,' in its study of French puritanism, will be a revelation to those who imagine that this malady of the soul is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon world," says the jacket and the effect is immediately and no doubt intentionally to connect him and his book with the satiric studies of narrow-mindedness so popular with us today. Nothing could give a more false idea. In the first place, the author achieves a complete imaginative identification of himself with his characters, and, in the second place, the "puritanism" concerned is about as much like what ordinarily goes by that name here as Blaise Pascal is like John Roach Straton. Doubtless the publishers, with the sale of the book in mind, hardly dared say, "This is a passionately mystical book about a young woman who died an old maid, rejecting her lover because she was afraid that their love would come between her and her love of God, and because she preferred the ecstasy of renunciation to the ecstasy of fulfilment." Yet this would be the simplest and truest description. The girl's attitude is not one which is congenial to our time, but it is not, and Mr. Gide well knows that it is not, either hard, barren, or ridiculous. Some of the greatest men of all time have assumed it, and if the result of the passionate battle which we Americans are waging against spiritual narrowness is that we cannot accept a beautiful and profound presentation of a very important attitude except as a sort of foreign supplement to our anti-puritan fulminations, then we have become very provincial indeed in our efforts to escape provinciality.

It is true enough that a temperament like Gide's is to us unfamiliar and completely exotic. The peculiar character of his emotional susceptibility is strange. In America there is never, for example, any doubt as to whether or not a man is religious. We are really familiar with only three types: the Sunday school superintendent, the Babbitt who considers Jesus an effective business partner, and the rationalist or materialist; we do not know the type which is, indistinguishably, either a diabolist or a saint—a state of spiritual intoxication not very different from, and connected with, the intoxication of the senses. We cannot conceive, for example, of Mr. Mencken's suddenly turning Catholic, whereas that is exactly the sort of thing which is constantly happening among the Latins; Huysmans and Papini slip into the fold of the church and change the *modus operandi* of their spiritual life without greatly changing its emotional character. To understand Gide it is necessary to understand this temperament, for there is something of it in him. He is in search of the completest possible emotional realization of life but he is not sure how to attain it. He speaks in one of his books of an ideal of life in the annihilation of all which is not "sensation and fervor"; he speaks even of "sensual ecstasy," but he is perplexed by the question whether that is not best obtained through renunciation rather than through indulgence. In "La Tentative Amoureuse" he says of a



character "Luc desired love but feared carnal possession as a bruised thing," and yet again, in more general terms, he dreams of "a science of the perfect utilization of the self by means of an intelligent restraint." This may be puritanism or anti-puritanism, but it is something entirely different from what is commonly meant by either term in America. It is rather a sort of political economy of the soul, an attempt to answer the question, not yet definitively answered for all people, whether things are not most completely realized when they are transferred entirely to the imagination.

"Strait Is the Gate" tells the story of two children brought up in a Protestant household and steeped in the romantic piety of Pascal and Racine. They fall passionately in love, but conceive early a horror of sensuality, so that excess of scruple keeps them apart, gradually postponing their engagement until the girl comes to the point where she cannot bear to change the ecstasy born of renunciation for the commonplace affection of marriage or to have human love come between her and her absorption in the divine. The story is told in the first person through the narrative of the man and the diary of the woman, and Gide's identification with his characters is so complete that the book is to be regarded not so much as a study of a certain mental state as a participation in it, as an experience rather than a criticism. In his search for the most effective way of life, Gide has lived through with complete emotional realization the lives of the two characters who have chosen the way of renunciation, and if he decides for himself that this is not the best way it is not without a full appreciation of its possibility. No one can read his gravely and passionately beautiful pages without sharing his understanding and without realizing that the girl who exclaims near the end of her diary "Oh, jealous God, who has despoiled me, take Thou possession of my heart" has in her own way lived as intensely as she would have done if her passion had subsided into the tranquillity of married life.

I am no mystical ascetic, no preacher of the philosophy of negation, but I believe that it is the business of the great artist to perceive and of the critic to interpret whatever passionate experiences are possible to humanity.

J. W. KRUTCH

## Post-War Illusions

*Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War.* By M. E. Bulkley. Humphrey Milford.

*Trade Unionism and Munitions.* By G. D. H. Cole. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE Carnegie Endowment found that it could not insure international peace either by its pre-war plan of studying the causes of war or by its war plan of helping the Allies win the war. So in these post-war days it has turned to writing the history of the war, just as disarmament conferences automatically turn to making rules for war, to be broken in the next war. The disproportionate activity of British scholars in this history has already been noted. We now have the promise of numerous studies for other European countries, but Germany still remains almost wholly in outer darkness, along with the United States and the British Dominions. In the British series we note M. E. Bulkley's "Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War" and G. D. H. Cole's "Trade Unionism and Munitions." The former is a well-classified and briefly annotated list of publications, nearly all British, but embracing a few American and foreign titles. Complete only as to government publications, it includes also useful references to books, pamphlets, articles, and reports. Mr. Cole's volume is a serviceable assemblage of material for the history of dilution, especially in the engineering trades. As adviser to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Mr. Cole had unusual opportunities to see things from the labor point of view, and he has brought together a large

number of valuable official and other documents. His most interesting conclusion is that British industry has gone back with unexpected rapidity and completeness to pre-war methods and customs, because there is no expansion of her post-war markets sufficient to warrant continuance of that mass-production so rapidly introduced during the war. Meanwhile a million and a half of her work-people are unemployed.

HENRY MUSSEY

## Midwife to Culture

*Port of New York.* By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

PAUL ROSENFELD'S new book so admirably named "Port of New York" sets out to persuade the reader that here and now in America there has appeared a deep, indigenous culture capable of holding its own against any that is present in the older countries of Europe. The thing has been largely achieved, so it seems to Mr. Rosenfeld, by the work of some fourteen of his own contemporaries—writers, painters, and musicians.

There is something about Mr. Rosenfeld's work that is extremely reassuring. One may be irritated by his partiality, by a certain self-indulgence in his style, but one cannot fail to recognize this critical writing as a very rare and valuable influence upon the life of America today. Few men of letters who concern themselves with the aesthetic life of this country can show as much spiritual sympathy, as much sensitiveness, and as much inspiration as this refined, distinguished, and generous-hearted gentleman who has had the daring to take Beauty, wayward and wanton though she be, for a mistress.

In the task of adaptation to life on the material plane America has long since excelled. Mr. Rosenfeld is anxious to believe, does believe in fact, that at last the hour has come when her intellect has begun to develop also. In the pages of this book his most persuasive pen encourages the reader to share in a vivid consciousness of this awakening. Through his eyes, through his love-inspired vision we are made to contemplate the American scene with new understanding. We see the vast continent stretched out before us from New York to San Francisco, like a fecund drab, sprawling in a perpetual childbirth with Mr. Paul Rosenfeld at the bedside, an anxious, dedicated midwife, slapping to life the most frail and delicate of all the monster's myriad offsprings. He envisages America as "part of a civilization of outer frenetic movement and inner rigidity," as a society "organized for business only" reinforced by generations of young men "all admirably adjusted to the immoral, untightened thing that exists." And against this inert mass, whose only motive power is the acquisitive instinct, stands a handful of select artists who refuse to be satisfied with life constructed on so commonplace a design.

And Mr. Rosenfeld with his unfailing emotional receptivity is most admirably fitted for elucidating the particular virtues that belong to the artists he loves. His periods, rich, undulating, sensuous, go trailing across his pages like colored clouds of incense. They assail the senses and are provocative of "easeful" dreams. He writes with velvet gloves on his hands, on those beautiful pontifical hands that neither dig nor spin. And yet his method, that singular method so unique and original and amusingly characteristic of Mr. Rosenfeld, is capable of initiating one's mind into difficult artistic secrets far more surely than that of other methods the technique of which is more direct.

It is a pity that he so often allows his style such enormous liberty, that he allows it to lengthen out, to deteriorate, to become lush and over-silky. Ah! if one might only be permitted to compile a list of the words that this eminent writer should be forbidden to use, words that are typified by his constant substitution of the word *commence* for the simpler word *begin*, words that are affected, sentimental, soft, words like *colourful*,





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*unbeknownst, distinguishedness, daypour, fountainwise, trustfuller.* If one were but permitted to indicate with due modesty a suspicion that there is something perilously self-conscious about such sentences as these: Of New York, "The stuff of the breast can make its way into the world here too"; of Sherwood Anderson, "Creatures able to strengthen him were about," or again, "Walls are noiselessly a-crumble in Anderson"; of Carl Sandburg, "He perceives resting upon the ravished countryside the unearthly light of the future. Verses come."

But then against this particular kind of exaggerated personal unction which Mr. Rosenfeld is only too easily prone to pour over life, like treacle over an unleavened pancake, one must set a thousand other examples, where, in spite of its opulence, his style remains penetrating and firm.

Take this of Theodore Dreiser: "It was only Brontosaurus rex lumbering through a Mesozoic swamp," or this of Sherwood Anderson: "The premature decay of buildings in America, the doleful agedness of things grown old without becoming beautiful, and the brutality of the Chicago skyline, open to him through a furtive chink some truth of his own starved, powerful life, his own buried Mississippi Valley, his own unused Empire."

Indeed, the mere publication of this book with its wide, aesthetic sweep, offers sufficient proof that "the hard, cheap, untilled American soil" can produce not only massive monuments of financial acuteness but products which, though less substantial, are perhaps even more essential to the welfare of a nation. To use Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's own inimitable phraseology "the water world beyond Sandy Hook" need no longer "draw" Americans. "A kind of strong, hearty daylight has come upon the Port. . . . It seems that we have taken root. The place has gotten a gravity that holds us. The suction outward has abated."

LLEWELYN POWYS

## The Higher Hokum

*Crystallizing Public Opinion.* By Edward L. Bernays. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THIS is a plea for the recognition of a new profession—that of public relations counsel. He is your publicity man of yesterday, the shabby, underpaid fellow who sought to worm a little free space out of the newspapers by devious ways, raised to the *n*<sup>th</sup> power. Today, equipped with his new title and other accoutrements of respectability, he steps forth as a super-diagnostician of the public mind. This new sublimation is in response to an obvious need. Mr. Bernays points out that "besides the danger of interference by the public in the conduct of the industry," there is another factor of first importance: "business and sales are no longer to be had for the asking." Therefore it is "imperative that the seller consider other things than merely his product in trying to build up a favorable reaction." Here is an example: Formerly the Jewelers' Publicity Association merely "acquainted the public with the value of jewelry for merchandise gift purposes; now it finds itself engaged in eliminating from the public mind in general, and from the minds of legislators in particular, the impression that 'the jewelry business is . . . useless.'"

As another sample of what can be done, Mr. Bernays cites the following:

Shortly after the World War the King and Queen of the Belgians visited America. One of the many desired results of this visit was that it should be made apparent that America with all the foreign elements . . . was unified in its support of King Albert and his country. To present a graphic picture of the affection which the national elements here had for the Belgian monarch, a performance was staged at the Metropolitan Opera House . . . at which the many nationalist groups were represented. . . . The story was spread in the news columns and by photographs in the press throughout the world. It was evident to all

who saw the pictures or read the story that this king had really stirred the affectionate interest of the national elements that make up America.

Mr. Bernays considers that "perhaps the most significant social, political, and industrial fact about the present century is the increased attention paid to public opinion," especially by men and organizations whose attitude not long ago would have been "the public be damned." Significant, no doubt. But, considering the nature of this attention, is it cause for rejoicing? Will the final result be greatly different for a public which, while it no longer tolerates being "damned," guilelessly permits itself to be "bunked"? Is seduction preferable to ravishment? The public relations counsel's function will be to create illusions, of which far too many have already been foisted on society without expert aid; to make people want things they don't need; to perfume the malodorous; to make the worse appear the better cause. It is an extension of this very idea to professionalize and exalt what is already not an unknown though largely untitled vocation in our midst. Plenty of lawyers, diplomatists, clergymen, journalists, and business men now carry it as a side line. Mr. Bernays views the matter more rosily. His conclusion is that the public relations counsel is destined to fulfil his highest usefulness to society "in the creation of a public conscience." Not only may one doubt that the glorified press agent will fulfil this destiny, but that a public conscience thus "created" would be useful or desirable.

ERNEST GRUENING

## Appreciations

*Essays in European and Oriental Literature.* By Lafcadio Hearn. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

MORE and more the "shy, wild, beautiful spirit" that was Hearn is emerging from the fine dust of controversy which for a time almost threatened to conceal his essential quality. Owing partly to Hearn's erratic personality, partly to his outspokenness, but most of all to his revealing and voluminous correspondence, this singular figure in American literature seemed to step from life into legend—with no twilight zone between. His commentators were like so many prowling literary buttonholers, intent upon exploiting their theories at any cost. In fact, all that was necessary in order to qualify as a commentator was at some time to have evolved a theory about Hearn—or to have received a letter from him. Sometimes the two things coincided, but not always. Recently, however, there has been a healthy tendency to drop controversy and to return to the writings of the man. His lectures on literature to his pupils in Japan have been compiled from shorthand notes; his letters, especially those to Basil Hall Chamberlain, have proved rich in critical material. Finally, Albert Mordell has unearthed, in Hearn's writings for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, a stimulating assortment of articles. These papers testify to the enthusiasm, the alert curiosity, and the fine critical perceptiveness of their author, who kept his mind free from the journalistic treadmill by his discoveries and his appreciations of French, Hindoo, and Japanese literature. Some of his findings are as applicable today as they were when they were written in the eighties.

The novel is the literary form which the nineteenth century may truly claim to have perfected. Yet at the present time even the novel seems to be suffering from the over-scientific spirit. . . . In all the provinces of literature we stand in dire need of the buoyant naturalness which is characteristic of the earlier writers. The longing for this quality is not to be satisfied by the anatomical accuracy and overwrought attention to detail which chiefly marks the most applauded efforts of contemporary genius.

And this, from an essay on Heine:

Imitation is not a word which can explain talent; but it is an accusation which may be leveled at the highest



# New Books From Beacon Hill

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modern creative power with some superficial show of argument—the sculptor, the painter, the poet, are all to a certain extent imitators, since progress in literature and in all art involves the preservation and renovation and expansion of the beauties of the Past.

LISLE BELL

## And He Called the Name of the City, Samaria

*Harvard Excavations at Samaria, 1908-1910.* By George Andrew Reisner, Clarence Stanley Fisher, and David Gordon Lyon. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1924.

*And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria.*

THE city of Samaria, founded by Omri of Israel as his capital early in the history of the Divided Kingdom, has been resurrected and reconstructed for modern eyes by the skill and patience of Professor Reisner and his coworkers. As a result of the European War and other vicissitudes, even the Samaria undertaking suffered; for, though the excavations took place in 1908-10 and the reports were practically ready in 1913, printing was delayed until 1923. At last, however, two substantial folio volumes, of sizes calculated best to exhibit the numerous photographs and drawings, present the detailed records and results.

The summit of the hill of Samaria formed, as usual, the nucleus of the settlement. On it were found the most important structures, the Israelite palace and the later temple of Herod. Excavations outside of this section were limited almost entirely to the West Gate of the city and to the Roman basilica. The oldest building, the Israelite palace, itself revealed three distinct stages of construction, due presumably to Omri, Ahab, and Jeroboam II. Bits of the earliest fortification wall, found at the West Gate and along the cliff at the southern edge of the summit, complete our present knowledge of the Israelite city. This was destroyed by Sargon of Assyria in 722 B.C.; but house walls survive in such positions as to show that the place was soon rebuilt, presumably by Sargon's colonists, while a new fortification wall clearly inclosed a more restricted portion of the summit.

A gap in the use of the site may have followed, but the positions of dated coins and pottery show that it was occupied continuously from perhaps 500 to 107 B.C. Alexander's conquest in 331 and the struggles of his political heirs had little effect on the topography. John Hyrcanus, however, seems about 107 B.C. to have wrought destruction which was not made good until Gabinius restored Samaria some fifty years later. Many streets and houses of this latter period were found filled in with rubbish beneath the pavement of the great temple which soon followed. This was built by Herod the Great in honor of his Emperor Augustus, for whom also the name of the city was changed to Sebaste. Forum, basilica, hippodrome, and theater (most of these still unexcavated) suggest the increased importance of this Roman town. But when Sebaste ceased to be a capital, the temple fell from its glory to serving as a stone quarry, from which plight it was temporarily rescued and restored under the Emperor Septimius Severus about 200 A.D. A humble modern village off to one side now occupies this site of ancient greatness. Such in brief is the recovered history of Samaria.

But the process of recovering such a general picture requires a mass of detailed observations; and, since "every excavation destroys historical material which has been accumulating for ages," so that "no future excavator can verify or confute the evidence or the interpretation," it becomes "the excavator's duty to put his archaeological colleagues and successors as fully as possible in his own place, and with notes, maps, plans,

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and photographs, to enable them, as far as possible, to reconstruct graphically the progress of the work." The bulk of the two volumes, then, forms a reference work consisting of these detailed records on which all conclusions must depend.

The problems raised by unusually confused stratigraphic conditions at Samaria have led Reisner to make a more general contribution also to the science of archaeology. Besides explaining his own methods and records, he has discussed, with diagrams, the deposition of the various types of debris and their modification by later operations.

"Only a small fraction of the space within the wall has been dug up" so far, says Reisner, appealing for further exploration of the Samaria site. But, though of undeniable interest to the biblical student, one may question whether further results at Samaria could be comparable in historical and cultural value to those now being attained by Fisher at Beisan, to those of Reisner himself in the Sudan (where he recovered not only ancient Egyptian connections but the tombs and history of all the kings of ancient Ethiopia), or finally to the possibilities offered by countless Babylonian mounds. Skilful and conscientious excavators are all too few. May we hope that the Samaria project will not withdraw such able archaeologists as Reisner and Fisher from more productive fields of effort.

T. GEORGE ALLEN

## Books in Brief

*The Novels of Jane Austen.* Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. 5 vols. \$35.

No other British novelist has yet been edited with the sumptuous care here given to Jane Austen, who would doubtless be as surprised as any human being, living or dead, to see her novels thus honored by the Clarendon Press. The text, long corrupted, has been restored by collation with the early editions; there are elaborate notes and copious indexes; and the superb volumes, half-bound in delectable style, are illustrated with many pictures from contemporary sources. Though only the six completed novels are included and though there is no biography, the work is admirably thorough. Mr. Chapman has written informed and piquant disquisitions on Miss Austen's English, the reading and writing and modes of address observed among her characters, the manners, "improvements," carriages, and travel of the age, the chronology and punctuation of the novels, the early editions, the relations to current books, and the topography of Bath. Not too systematic, the editor distributes his dissertations through the volumes in accordance with some charming scheme which is not too apparent, and in his notes permits himself a few such amateur touches as the statement that in the United States "well-bred" "husbands and wives, even among intimates, refer to each other as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.'." A conspicuous feature of the edition is the illustrations, both plain and colored, which exhibit the manners and looks of the age, indoors and out, as no other illustrations of this author can be said to do. Perhaps the most charming consequence of the editorial method which Mr. Chapman has pursued is that the *apparatus criticus* never seems mere learned lumber. Despite the pains taken to explain Miss Austen at every turn, she still emerges in all her native eminence of wit, verve, perspicacity, and grace.

*Boston Days of William Morris Hunt.* By Martha A. S. Shannon. Marshall Jones.

"In another country," said Hunt himself, "I might have been a painter." Very little of any such sense of his limitations appears in this biographical study by Martha Shannon, who judges him by his intentions and his influence rather than by his actual achievement. Loving Boston, she loves the most conspicuous painter of its silver age. The illustrations of her volume are in the main satisfactory, and the text pleasing if not quite critical.

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*Suetonius. History of Twelve Caesars.* Translated by Philemon Holland (Anno 1606). Edited by J. H. Freese. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

*Heliodorus. An Aethiopian Romance.* Translated by Thomas Underdowne (Anno 1587). Revised and partly rewritten by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

*Three Plays of A. V. Lunacharski. Faust and the City; Vasilisa the Wise; The Magi.* Translated by L. A. Magnus and K. Walter. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

These three volumes expand the limits of the already generous series called *The Broadway Translations* to include Roman biography, Greek romance, and Bolshevik drama. It is agreeable to have Philemon Holland's enthusiastic version of the most lurid of all biographers available once more, even at the present price. Mr. Wright has worked with his known delicacy and skill to make Underdowne's *Heliodorus* readable by moderns yet savory of the Elizabethans. Lunacharski appears now for the first time in English dress, except for a limited edition of "*Vasilisa*" two years ago. It is doubtless impossible to render him perfectly, in view of his extreme fertility of idea and phrase; but it is sufficiently clear through him that contemporary Russian drama lives freely and vigorously in the new air of the revolution.

*Some Thoughts on Hilaire Belloc.* By Patrick Braybrooke. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Braybrooke's consideration of Belloc is as curious as his book about Chesterton; in both instances he talks completely around his subject, giving expression to nebulous ideas which are either irrelevant or unimportant. As an interpreter of the writer whom he honors, he never gets anywhere near an orderly exposition of orderly thoughts, and even in the projection of his own notions he is about as illuminating as a roman candle of rhetoric. In his chapter devoted to Belloc and the press, Mr. Braybrooke summarizes his own convictions thus: "I contend therefore that as things are at present the ownership of the press by wealthy men is not only desirable but to my mind inevitable." Elsewhere he remarks: "I think that Belloc's book on the Jews while interesting is full of faulty arguments." And this: "I do not think Belloc is likely to have a very sudden or great popularity as an essayist. . . . Yet when all is said and done, we at any rate shall in the winter sit by the fire and read him." Mr. Braybrooke may read Belloc as much as he likes, but why should he write about him—in summer or winter?

*Birds of the New York City Region.* By Ludlow Griscom. American Museum of Natural History.

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**The Art of Terence.** By Gilbert Norwood. Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

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**Negro Poets and Their Poems.** By Robert T. Kerlin. Associated Publishers. \$1.50.

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**A Catalogue of Early and Rare Editions of English Poetry Collected and Presented to Wellesley College by George Herbert Palmer.** Houghton Mifflin Company. \$25.

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One of the commonest errors committed by dilettantes and amateur aesthetes arises from the belief that the whole content of an emotional experience before nature can be rendered pictorially by reproducing the scene which has set the feelings into motion. This is an old superstition: years ago it was prevalent in a conventional English school where the actual failure of such a belief when put into practice caused naive painters to append poems and literary rhapsodies to the frames of their landscapes.

Alfred Stieglitz, probably the most accomplished photographer in the world, shares the delusions of the laborious old botanical copyists. He asks us to believe that the reduplication of natural phenomena carries an emotional freightage identical with that of creative art; that the transfers of his camera are as intense and exciting as the canvases of imaginative painters whose forms are not the result of simple impressions but the product of knowledge, reflection, and a genius for construction. I think that Stieglitz feels unconsciously the meager success of his intentions, and for this reason discovers symbolical meanings and curious psychic values in what are only remarkable transcripts of nature. His bewildering explanations are not only unnecessary but damaging to the value of his photographs as such. In his third exhibition at the Anderson Galleries he has a series of cloud formations—unusual selections beautifully printed. These pictures are better than the clouds of Tarr's Physical Geography because they are printed by a man with an uncanny understanding of his medium; but aesthetically there is little to choose between them. They are not, as Stieglitz seems to have convinced himself, portraits of human souls, and the effort to exploit them in this light is too transparent in its psychology to go very far. In the last analysis, work in this world will have to stand on its intrinsic merits. It is as fine photography that Stieglitz's prints will stand and not as monuments of the creative will.

## Drama Confession II

IS it because the season is waning and grows a little weary that I am asking for the moon? But in truth I am not asking for the moon. I have tried to explain from the analogy of music that there is something well-nigh intolerable in the present situation. There is a closer analogy, one, at least, that will strike home more. Consider the desolate and unfurnished mind of one who reads no books but those hot off the press and whose ears are filled only with the debates and interests of the hour, one who never withdraws with story or poem or essay into those cooler and serener chambers of the past where striving and crying are over, debate has long been hushed, and beauty and the life of beauty take on something of an eternal semblance. I have just been reading the verses of Miss Millay. She is a fine poet. But I would not read her and her coevals without ceasing. With a profound relish, with a renewed quietude of mind I take up my Herrick, even my Carey. "Ask me no more where Jove bestows . . ."

But as a critic of the theater I cannot indulge in a parallel experience. I can read the older dramatists, to be sure. But I am not supposed to be writing about dramatic literature from the viewpoint of the study, but about the theater from the viewpoint of the stalls. And it is there, in the stalls, that I have no opportunity to have the experiences which alone, alone I must repeat, can keep a dramatic critic decently fit for his job or an habitual theatergoer properly attuned to an appreciation even of new works—especially, indeed, of new works.

I discount the possible dangers at once. There is nothing

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that is 100 per cent safe in all human experience. Of course such a repertory as I demand would breed the critic who is a confirmed *laudator temporis acti* and who can see nothing good in anything that was not new when his grandmother was a little wench. But that critic is with us anyhow. For he is commonly not so much wedded to the past as he is frightened of the present and of the inadequacy of his own judgment and will, even as things are, praise only the thrice praised, having no stomach for being left alone with a masterpiece. It is the bright and willing and younger critic who will be saved from his present errors of astonishment at the eternal moods of great literature, of attributing a lasting significance to the feeble, temporal, ephemeral, of writing as though the history of the drama, save for Shakespeare, began with Oscar Wilde and ended with Eugene O'Neill.

What, concretely, do I want in a given season?

1. The "Medea" of Euripides. Not as an experiment in stagecraft or archaeology but as a great human document and as a great poem.

2. Either the "Misanthrope" or the "Tartufe" of Molière. And neither in prose nor blank verse, but in the couplet of Dryden. Mere literacy demands that.

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9. One or two of these: W. B. Yeats's "The King's Threshold," "On Baile's Strand," "The Land of Heart's Desire," Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding," Hauptmann's "Henry of Aue"—with John Barrymore—and perhaps a revival of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" or "Herod." Perhaps.

10. A Shaw cycle similar to the Ibsen cycle. One year "Widowers' Houses," "Candida," "Arms and the Man"; another year "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "You Never Can Tell," "Man and Superman."

Do I seem to be asking for a great deal? But there are in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy-five premières in a New York season. I ask for only about twenty plays to take the place of twenty productions of hopeless trash. If the managers, if a few managers, were to cooperate and to put on one of the plays of my choice each time that, in a despairing gamble, they are tempted to put on something particularly unpromising and trivial, we should soon have a great theater, and these cooperative managers would probably be in money at the end of the season.

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